

The Outlook

VOLUME 96

NOVEMBER 12, 1910

NUMBER 11

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
REGULAR WEEKLY NUMBERS, FIVE CENTS. MAGAZINE NUMBERS (FOURTH ISSUE OF EACH
MONTH), FIFTEEN CENTS. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS—FIFTY-TWO ISSUES—THREE DOLLARS
IN ADVANCE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

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The Outlook

NOVEMBER 12, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor



THE ELECTIONS

As The Outlook goes to press before the result of the elections is known, it cannot, of course, comment upon it. But the result will, in any event, be far-reaching, as this year's elections are second in importance only to those of a Presidential year. Prior to November, in two States, Maine and Vermont, Congressional and State elections were held, and in two others, Georgia and Arkansas, State, not Congressional, elections, the latter occurring, together with similar elections elsewhere, on Tuesday of this week. The elections will affect the terms of thirty United States Senators, because of the selection by voters of thirty new State Legislatures, with authority to name those Senators. An entirely new Federal House of Representatives also results from the election. Turning from Federal to purely State issues, in a large number of States there have been full State tickets, in others only certain officials have been chosen. The Prohibitionists have tickets in twenty-five States, and in addition bring their fight before several States in the form of Constitutional amendments. The Socialists have tickets in thirty-four States. Oregon has had the largest number of questions to be voted on in any one State, no less than thirty-two initiative and referendum measures having been upon the ballot for approval or rejection. Woman's suffrage has been considered in four States—Oregon, Washington, South Dakota, and Oklahoma. By its proposed amendment to the Constitution, Oregon would grant the suffrage to all taxpayers, regardless of sex. On the other hand, in Washington, South Dakota, and Oklahoma citizens have voted directly on the question of granting suffrage to women. In New York State there was a popular

referendum on an issue of bonds necessary to the acceptance of Mrs. Harriman's gift of a park in the Highlands of the Hudson. In a majority of the States minor proposals to amend State Constitutions have been before the voters. In Minnesota a proposed amendment would make it possible for the State Legislature to encourage forestation by exempting from taxation the land of individuals who undertake to replant it with trees, and in Wisconsin an amendment would authorize annual appropriations from the State for acquiring, preserving, and developing State forests and water power.

PRINT THE NEWS

Last week we commented upon the recent improvement in campaign methods. It is quite true that there is less reliance placed on bonfires, barbecues, and brass bands, and much more upon the presentation to the voter of facts and reasons which should guide him in coming to a decision. There is, however, one direction in which there is room for very decided improvement. It is almost impossible to get an accurate knowledge of the facts from the daily newspapers. The editor of a newspaper ought to form and advocate his own opinions, but he ought to give the facts. Unfortunately, in the heat of a political campaign they are too often distorted or twisted in the effort to support the opinions of the editor or the proprietor. Here is an instance. On one evening last week Mr. Dix, the Democratic candidate for Governor, made a series of political speeches in New York City. The New York "Press," which was opposing Mr. Dix and supporting Mr. Stimson, presented the news of these speeches in the following headlines: "Dix Gets a Chill in Small

Meetings. His East Side Tour Proves a Miserable Failure. A Frost in Cooper Union. Not Three Hundred to Greet Him in the Big Hall." The New York "Sun," which was supporting Mr. Dix and opposing Mr. Stimson, presented the news in this language: "Dix Campaigns About Town. Gets a Hearty Welcome all Along the Route. Cooper Union, where he made his first speech, was filled with Dix shouters. The four other meetings held in East Side halls were only limited in size by the seating capacity of the assembly rooms. At these meetings the principal difficulty was to overcome the almost hysterical enthusiasm." The New York "Times," which was supporting Mr. Dix, but which, on the whole, has in this campaign made a distinct and successful effort to present to its readers the facts of the campaign irrespective of its opinions, gave the news in this way: "At all the halls he visited, except Cooper Union, there was no standing room to be had, and the cheering on his entrance lasted for many minutes. At Cooper Union Mr. Dix found that the weather had kept his audience down to about eight hundred persons." Now, the number of persons who gather to hear a political candidate in Cooper Union is not of vital importance; but it is of importance to find that three great metropolitan newspapers can make statements of fact which vary so greatly. We should think that it would not be a matter of great difficulty for the city editor of a great daily to find out whether a well-known hall like that of Cooper Union contains a frosty audience of three hundred or is filled with enthusiastic supporters of the candidate. The time has gone by when intelligent Republicans or Democrats can be flattered or cajoled by fictitious stories of their opponents' alleged failures. The voters want the facts.

TWO NEW STATE CONSTITUTIONS

Two Constitutional Conventions are in session: one at Santa Fé, New Mexico, one at Phoenix, Arizona. They will spend sixty days framing the organic laws for the two new commonwealths soon to take up the operation of full Statehood. While the new States have much in common physically and histor-

ically, it is curious that there is wide divergence in their attitudes toward the making of a Constitution. In New Mexico there are 100 delegates, 71 Republicans and 29 Democrats. Of the former, 32 are Mexicans, or Spanish-Americans, as they prefer to be called; of the latter, only one is so classed. The Republican caucuses were dominated largely by the conservative faction, and the Spanish-American vote was almost wholly on that side. Of the Republican delegates, less than one-third are classed with the Progressives. It is the plan of those in control to submit a short Constitution, dealing only with fundamental matters of Statehood. "It will be safe and sane," says Territorial Governor W. J. Mills. Those closely in touch with New Mexico politics say that it will be based on the United States Constitution, and that such propositions as initiative and referendum, equal suffrage, primaries, etc., will be submitted in separate sections. It is planned to make such a simple Constitution that it will be received with approval by Congress; supplementary matters will be regulated by statute. This programme is not satisfactory to many citizens of the new State, who believe that there should be manifested an appreciation of the new idea in State government; but the Progressive Republican faction is so greatly in the minority that there is little probability of any interference with the programme of the leaders. The Mexican delegates will vote solidly with the dominant portion of the party, and the new State will submit a Constitution characterized by a conservatism far removed from that of the most recent commonwealth, Oklahoma. In Arizona, on the other hand, the Convention is made up of 44 Democrats and 8 Republicans. The issue in the campaign for the election of delegates was the initiative and referendum. While a strong argument was presented that a migratory population, such as characterizes mining camps, would make doubtful the operation of the plan, the voters overwhelmingly indorsed the idea, and it will doubtless be included in the Constitution. The submission of equal suffrage and local option as supplementary propositions is probable, with little likelihood that either will receive approval. The Constitutional Conventions are given sixty days for their

sessions; then in thirty days more is to be held the election for ratification of the new organic law by the voters of the Territory. This means that, should the Conventions not finish their work until the expiration of the time limit, the Constitutions could not be submitted to Congress until midwinter, with a strong possibility that, in view of adjournment March 4, there would not be a ratification of the Territory's action by the present Congress. Statehood would thus be delayed a year at least. While the two Southwest Territories have been for years eager for Statehood, it is not improbable that this is what will happen, though New Mexico has the better chance for carrying through its Constitution in time.

THEIR COMPARATIVE MERITS

For the above report we are indebted to a well-informed correspondent residing near the inchoate States, but not in either of them, and therefore free from local prejudice. It strikes us as curious that the Republican party in New Mexico emphasizes its faith in representative democracy and the Democratic party in Arizona emphasizes its distrust. If not the chief function of a Constitution, certainly a vital function is to put limits on the powers of the legislative body; and as the legislative body is elected by the people and supposedly represents them, the Constitution has the practical effect to limit the powers of the people. A simple Constitution like that proposed in New Mexico is based on the faith that the people can elect such legislators as will honestly serve the public interest, and it therefore puts only a few limitations on their powers. An elaborate Constitution, like that which apparently Arizona is borrowing from Oklahoma, is based on distrust of the ability of the people to elect honest and capable legislators, and it therefore puts narrow limits on the power of the Legislature. We need hardly say to our readers that The Outlook holds to the former view. It believes in representative democracy, and, because it has faith in the honesty and the capacity of the people, it believes in reducing to a minimum all hampering restrictions on the powers of their repre-

sentative body. It is true that the special interests have not infrequently gained corrupt control of a Legislature; but the remedy for such control is not limiting the power but improving the character of the legislators. There are no other limits to the power of the British Parliament than such as are imposed by respect for tradition and a conservative spirit; and while class prejudice has in times past, under a limited suffrage, controlled that Parliament, it has never been subject to so crassly corrupt commercial control as has been seen in some of our American Legislatures. There is one important question concerning these Constitutions upon which our correspondent gives us no information. What facility do they afford for their own amendment? Whatever limits the people may put upon the Legislature, they ought not to limit their own power to reconsider their own Constitution. The New York Constitution gives the Legislature power to submit a specific amendment to popular vote at any time by the action of two consecutive Legislatures, and to order a Constitutional Convention at any time; and it further provides for a Constitutional Convention every twenty years at which the Constitution shall be taken up *de novo* for such amendments, omissions, or additions as experience may suggest. The very great difficulty of amending the Federal Constitution would have been a very serious detriment to the United States had not the Supreme Court, under the inspiring leadership of Chief Justice Marshall, set an example of liberal construction, which has been in the main followed in the subsequent history of the United States Supreme Court.

THE EXPRESSMEN'S STRIKE

At the very time when in National and State political contests one of the foremost issues is the degree and kind of control that should be exercised over corporations doing a public service business, an object-lesson is offered by the strike of the express companies' employees in and about New York City. This quarrel has strong resemblance to the recent cloakmakers' strike in New York, but with this difference, that in the

present case the interruption to business inflicts inconvenience, loss, and sometimes danger upon almost every citizen. The strike originated with the helpers, mostly boys and young men, who accompany the express wagons on their routes. Not all the express companies were concerned at first, and there is doubtless a difference in the degree of fairness with which the different companies treat their men. But the strike soon extended to the drivers of the wagons, who were under bonds and refused to take the responsibility of going out without proper assistants; later it became a sympathetic strike extending to employees of all express companies, while for a time it was threatened that drivers of the delivery wagons belonging to the department stores, coal wagon drivers, and others not immediately concerned would be drawn in. There has been some violence; the police have been forced to bend most of their energies to protect the strike-breakers; mountains of express matter remain undelivered. The first duty of the authorities is emphatically to preserve order and punish lawbreakers. But after stone-throwers and trace-cutters are punished, what then? The original strikers declare that they receive very inadequate wages, and that their hours of work are excessive—it is admitted by at least one company that these men sometimes work twelve, thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen hours a day. The employees who first went on strike were not organized into a union, and it may be said that they were practically forced or impelled into forming a union by the fact that individually they were not receiving, as they claimed, right treatment from the corporations. It is, we think, perfectly plain that what has happened here is just what has happened in many other cases—the cloakmakers' strike is a recent example: the corporations have proceeded on the economic theory (still maintained by some reasoners as logical, but absolutely inadequate to meet modern conditions) that labor should be bought in the open market at the lowest price, that hours and conditions of labor should be made just as strenuous as is endurable; in short, as the phrase goes in railway circles, that the employer should "put on all that the traffic will bear." The natural result of such a pol-

icy is inevitably dissatisfaction, hatred, and, as soon as it becomes possible, organized resistance. If any one thing is now firmly established as an industrial principle, it is that employees should have the right of collective bargaining, for only thus can they deal on equal terms in the labor market. An attempt has been made, at the suggestion of Mayor Gaynor and through the auspices of the National Civic Federation, to arbitrate the questions between the express companies and their employees. At this writing it has not proved a success; the express officials declare that the only thing in the way of arbitration is the demand of the men that only members of the union should be employed; on the other hand, Mr. Ashton, a leader of the strikers, is quoted as saying: "We do not want to ask that no non-union workers be employed. That would be foolish. But we want an agreement with the representatives of the union."

THE LESSON OF THE STRIKE

Whether an agreement is reached or not, it remains true that the law should and must provide a method by which labor wars in which public comfort and public convenience are directly involved shall be made impossible. In New York State the Public Service Commissions now have a certain amount of control over express companies as well as of other companies doing what may be called a public business; in New Jersey no such condition prevails; but the greater part of the work of the express companies is inter-State in its character, and therefore the Inter-State Commerce Commission should exercise close supervision and control. Canada has a law which, while it does not prevent strikes, does furnish a reasonable and sensible method of adjusting them, and does also forbid public service employees to leave their work in large numbers and without due notice and an attempt to settle the matter by compromise. For at least twenty-five years *The Outlook* has urged the necessity of public provision for the settlement of such disputes. With every new outrage on the public such as the present, it becomes increasingly certain that plain business sense requires that public control

and the peace which conciliation and arbitration bring should replace industrial warfare.



**EXPRESS MONOPOLY
VERSUS A
PARCELS POST**

One lesson of this strike is so obvious that it needs no proof; indeed, it is almost absurd to reiterate the arguments in favor of a parcels post. They are unanswerable, and practically no attempt is made to answer them. Why, then, do we not have a parcels post? Long ago a Postmaster-General of the United States, Mr. Wanamaker, wittily declared that there were just four insurmountable obstacles to the introduction of a parcels post system in the United States. These four obstacles, he said, are the American, Adams, United States, and Wells Fargo Express Companies. Practically—through the failure of Congress to enact a parcels post law, and through the combination of the companies in eliminating competition by so dividing up territory among themselves that if a package goes through the hands of two companies two separate rates are charged on it—the express companies combinedly have a more complete monopoly in certain branches of business than any other corporations. That they have made enormous profit out of this privilege is a recognized fact. Recent statements allege that two, at least, of the companies named above have not only paid twelve per cent regular dividends but have distributed large special dividends in the form of new issues of stocks or bonds offered to the holders of earlier securities at a low price, or directly given to them—"cutting a melon," as the phrase goes. One of the companies, for instance, in 1907 distributed two hundred per cent of its stock value in this way, and one hundred per cent of that value in 1908. No one objects to reasonable profits for efficient service; but the complaints are many that rates are more than reasonable, and that service is less than reasonably good. Most of our readers will be surprised to know that the German Government delivers mail packages in New York City every day in wagons bearing the legend "Parcel Agency for the Imperial German Mail." The "Survey," which calls attention to this fact and prints a picture of one of these

mail wagons, points out also that as a result of our present limited international parcels post, packages may be sent by mail from Berlin to Brooklyn that cannot be sent by mail from Manhattan Borough to Brooklyn; and that while a parcel of considerable size may be mailed to New York from Smyrna or Weihaiwei, similar parcels cannot be mailed from Denver to New York. Under international postal treaties, in most countries packages weighing eleven pounds may be mailed to points inside or outside the country, while within the United States the limit is four pounds. It is absolutely true that it costs more to send a package weighing over four pounds from New York to Philadelphia than it does from Philadelphia to Naples; or, to put it in a concrete way, it costs sixty-four cents to send such a package ten miles in this country, while it can be sent to London for forty-eight cents. But why repeat facts known to every one? The advocates of a satisfactory parcels post year after year introduce bills into Congress, and year after year they fail of passage. We have before us a circular from Mr. C. S. Barrett, President of the Farmers' Union, in which he states that at the last session he took a census of Congress and found that a majority of the members of Congress said they were in favor of the measure; and still the Nation gets no parcels post legislation. The only way in which the Nation ever will get it is for a political party, not merely to approve the idea academically, but to put it on the fighting line and push it through. And the only way that this can be brought about is for citizens individually to make their Congressmen understand that they not only desire a parcels post but insist upon having it—and that soon.



**THE RETIREMENT
OF LORD MORLEY**

The retirement of Lord Morley from the office of Secretary of State for India, his appointment to be Lord President of the Council, and the appointment of the Earl of Crewe to succeed him as Secretary of State for India, marks the end of an administration of Indian affairs of extraordinary interest and critical importance. Not since the Sepoy Rebellion has there been such unrest and disturb-

ance in India, nor has there been so great a demand for wisdom, firmness, and a wide view of relations between the two countries. Lord Morley is a statesman much more than a politician. His service at this juncture in the relations of Great Britain and India has been valuable to both countries. He is an exponent of that view of the management of colonies and dependencies which takes into account, first and foremost, the welfare of the governed classes rather than the profit of the governing classes. Three qualities have marked his administration: sound judgment, courage, and imagination. There have been able and disinterested British rulers of foreign dependencies and colonies; but many of them have lacked the great quality of imagination. The inflexibility of the English character, its rigid adherence to home customs and Anglo-Saxon usage, have contributed immensely to its strength, but have told greatly at times against its success in dealing with other races. The Englishman who eats plum-pudding in India at Christmas-time without reference to the climate, and who lives on the same diet in the tropics as at home, has had his analogue again and again in the English governor who declines to take into account the temperament of the people he governs. Mr. Townsend, the author of the very interesting study of "Europe and Asia," has emphasized the fact that while British officials have been living for many decades in India, many of them know little about the people. The integrity and courage of the British officials are above question; but they have little sympathy with the people around them, and consequently do not comprehend them. On the other hand, Lord Morley, like Sir Andrew Fraser and a small group of British governors, has dealt with India with imagination. He understands clearly the difference between the Oriental and the Occidental mind, and knows that political methods that succeed in the West would bring disaster in the East. While, therefore, carrying out Queen Victoria's pledge of a generous measure of local government in India, Lord Morley has also dealt with disorder with a firm hand, and has not hesitated to take such measures as were rendered imperative by political crime and revolutionary activity. His

sympathy with India has not weakened his resolute determination to enforce the law in that country. He has been patient, but inflexible. His retirement at this juncture probably does not mean any change in the policy of the English Ministry; and it is to be greatly hoped that it does not mean the retirement from active service of so distinguished and capable a statesman—a man of public affairs, a man of letters, and a man of ardent faith in the modern democratic movement.



M. BRIAND AGAIN IN THE SADDLE

Last week M. Briand, Prime Minister of France, obtained in succession some of the most striking Parliamentary majorities of recent years in France. He went before the Chamber of Deputies with a demand for a vote of confidence in his course in the recent railway strike. Since the days of the Boulanger and Dreyfus affairs no such interest has been displayed in any session of the Chamber. Eminent personages in literature, art, science, religion, and society were in attendance, and the diplomatic box was filled with Ambassadors from the various Powers. From an early hour vast crowds besieged the doors, and, being unable to enter, assembled in the square before the Palais Bourbon, in which the Chamber sits, and on the Pont de la Concorde, the bridge across the Seine, and even on the great Place de la Concorde, the other side of the bridge, waiting for hours in the rain to learn the outcome. The Prime Minister defended each step of his course during the strike, declaring that it had been many years since the Government had endured such troublous hours, but taking pride in the fact that he had kept within the limits of legality even though in grave hours of national peril exceptional measures might be justified. Then, with a dramatic gesture, he flung out his hand, crying: "Look at those hands! Not a drop of blood!" A great outburst of cheers followed. And another came when the Premier declared that the nation had emerged from the threatened revolt cleaner and better, and when he called on all good Frenchmen to support the Government's efforts. It was natural, then, that the resolution introduced by the

Socialists impeaching M. Briand for his "dictatorial crushing down of wage-earners" should be rejected by an overwhelming majority, and that the Chamber, at the Prime Minister's demand, should give him not only one but several votes of confidence, also by overwhelming majorities; for throughout the Chamber there was the conviction that the assaults of discredited monarchist pretenders upon the Republic had been trifles compared with the peril of a widespread system of revolt among French railway employees. On the day following the announcement of the votes of confidence came the news that the Premier had presented the resignation of his Ministry to President Fallières. This dramatic action showed that the Ministry, though a solidity during the strike, was not unanimous regarding measures necessary to prevent a recurrence of the recent danger. Rather than reconstruct his Cabinet M. Briand preferred to resign, strong in the confidence that the votes in the Chamber would compel the President to ask him to form another Ministry. The President did as was expected, and M. Briand has now formed his new Ministry, in which five only of the former Cabinet are members. The week's history has provided all France with abundant material for vivacious conversation, and has elevated the Prime Minister into the greatest prominence.

HENRI DUNANT Last week, at the health resort of Heiden, above the Lake of Constance, Switzerland, Henri Dunant, founder of the Red Cross, died. In 1859, the year of the Battle of Solferino, Dunant, then a rich pleasure-seeker, thirty-one years old, was traveling in Italy and came to the battlefield where the thousands of wounded and dead lay. As aid was terribly lacking, the heart of the young Swiss was touched, and he improvised an ambulance and nurse service. Under the influence of this experience he wrote the "Souvenir of Solferino," a publication which stirred the world to pity. But Dunant did not stop there. He resolved to make sanitary conditions better in future wars. To this end he traveled all over Europe, interviewed sovereigns and ministers of state and converted them to

the recognition of the principle which had now become the aim of his life, namely, that the wounded must be regarded as neutrals. Having, first of all, secured the countenance of his own home Government, through its co-operation an international conference was held at Geneva in 1863. This was followed by the Geneva Convention of 1864, a body of articles "for the amelioration of the conditions of wounded in armies in the field." The number of the original signatory powers has now been increased to forty. With this triumph Dunant may be justly held to be the author of one of the most efficacious works in the world for the prevention and alleviation of human suffering. The outward sign and symbol of this work is a flag consisting of a red cross on a white ground. It was adopted as a compliment to Switzerland, whose national flag is the reverse. It was agreed that each country should have its own national Red Cross. The first President of the American Red Cross was Clara Barton, and the executive head is now President Taft. Though the work of the Red Cross has advanced from triumph to triumph, its founder has become gradually forgotten by an ungrateful world. Dunant had spent his fortune for his ideal, and for five years prior to 1902 lived in an old men's home near Geneva. Fortunately, in that year the philanthropic munificence of the late Alfred Nobel sought him out as a fitting recipient of the annual peace prize, the income from which enabled him to spend his last days in comfort.

**SCIENTIST, TEACHER
AND EXPLORER**

Professor William Henry Brewer, who died in New Haven last week, had been an instructor in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale for forty years, and it would be hard to name another teacher in the University who was more widely liked by students, by graduates, by associate teachers, and by the larger world outside of the University circles. He was burly in frame, direct in speech, kindly of heart. One of his associates at Yale is quoted as saying of him: "It's hard to label Brewer. He is everything. He is an eminent geologist, an expert mining engineer, an Arctic explorer, an art

critic, an author, and a charming companion." The older graduates of Yale will always think of Professor Brewer in connection with other distinguished Yale scientists, such as Silliman, Dana, Marsh, Brush, Loomis, and Newton, a group of whom he may be considered the last survivor. He was himself a graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School, and, together with Professor Brush, was a member of its very first class. He taught in other institutions for a few years after graduation, but in 1864 accepted a call from the Sheffield School as Professor of Agriculture and held that position until 1903, when he was made Professor Emeritus. In his early days he made extensive expeditions with Clarence King and others in the Sierra region, and one great peak there is named, after its discoverer, Mount Brewer. Throughout his whole active career he utilized vacations in research, travel, and exploration, into all of which he entered with extraordinary zest and enjoyment. He was a member of a party which visited the Arctic region in 1894, and with the others was in serious danger after their ship, the *Miranda*, went down, but Professor Brewer always looked back at the hardships and dangers as being merely the accompaniments of an unusual opportunity "to do a little exploring near the Arctic Circle." The expedition resulted in the formation of the Arctic Club, to which only those who were on the trip were eligible at first, but which afterwards expanded into a society with a large membership of adventurers and travelers who had had Arctic experience. Professor Brewer wrote much on scientific topics, had several titles from famous societies abroad and at home, and took an active part in geological and other scientific Governmental surveys.

FOR IN THE HALL OF FAME

Ten years ago New York University received a gift of \$100,000, which was afterwards increased to \$250,000, from a donor whose name was withheld, to be used in the erection of a building to be called the Hall of Fame for Great Americans; and in fulfillment of this plan a colonnade four hundred feet long, with spaces for one hundred and fifty panels, which are to bear the names

of famous Americans, in the form of a semicircle, connects the university Hall of Philosophy with the Hall of Languages on University Heights. Only persons who have been dead ten or more years are eligible. Fifty names were inscribed on the tablets at the beginning, and five additional names are to be added every fifth year until the year 2000, when the one hundred and fifty inscriptions will be complete. Four years later an additional structure in the form of a *loggia*, joining the colonnade on the north, with thirty panels for foreign-born Americans, and beyond this a Hall of Fame for women, with places for sixty tablets, were announced. There are one hundred and one electors. Eleven new names were recently added. Of these eleven, seven are the names of writers—Mrs. Stowe, Dr. Holmes, Poe, Cooper, Bryant, Bancroft, and Motley; Phillips Brooks and Roger Williams represent the field of religious leadership and life; Miss Willard that of social and moral reform, while Andrew Jackson stands for public life. There will now be fifty-one names inscribed in the Hall of Fame. Among those who received a large number of votes, but failed of election, were: Samuel Adams, Daniel Boone, Francis Parkman, Mark Hopkins, Patrick Henry, and three women—Lucretia Mott, Charlotte Cushman, and Martha Washington. The vote for Mrs. Stowe was larger than any vote for any person at any previous election, except the votes for Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Emerson, Longfellow, and Agassiz. So far these elections represent authorship more generously than any other form of activity. The absence of military heroes is noticeable, although Jackson's fame in connection with the battle of New Orleans may be counted as an important element in his popularity. The criticism of the electors for failing to inscribe Poe's name with those of other distinguished American writers has now happily been brought to a close. The omission of a name which belongs with the first three or four in American literature was irritating; but a good deal of the criticism of the electors was wide of the mark. It is perfectly safe to say that sectional feeling has had nothing to do with the postponement of the election of

Poe. No American writers are more popular in the North and West than the Southern writers; an analysis of the vote shows that Poe is as popular in the West as in the South. The tablets on which the eleven names of the newly elected will be inscribed, with an appropriate quotation from the words of each, will not be formally unveiled until the autumn of next year.

THE NEW DIRECTOR
OF THE
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

Last week, at a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, Mr. Edward Robinson was appointed Director. He is the first native American placed at the head of the Museum. He succeeds General di Cesnola and Sir Purdon Clarke. The appointment of Mr. Robinson must awaken feelings of satisfaction everywhere, for he is well fitted to occupy this distinguished position. Born in Boston in 1858, he was graduated from Harvard University, studied at the University of Berlin, and spent several years in Europe, much of the time in Greece. Returning to this country, he became lecturer on classical archaeology at Harvard and curator of classical antiquities at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Eight years ago he was appointed Director of the Boston Museum. In 1906 he became Assistant Director of the Metropolitan Museum, and during the past year has been Acting Director. Mr. Robinson will thus simply continue his present work. In it he has abundantly shown that the proper thing to do was to make his administration a permanent one. He aims to maintain a high standard of merit for the works of art admitted to our museums, to exhibit those works with knowledge, system, and taste, and to exercise liberal hospitality towards every branch or period of art legitimately coming within the province of a museum of fine arts. In particular, Mr. Robinson wants to make the Metropolitan Museum one of the great forces in the education of the people, not only of New York City, but of the whole country. In furtherance of this aim he expects to develop his staff still further in the direction of departmental organization—that is to say, in placing in charge of the various

collections the most competent experts, so that the Museum's word on any subject within its range will be accepted as coming from the highest authority. That Mr. Robinson will carry out all this is evident from the catholicity and balance already shown by him. His is the temperament of the scholar freed from the disposition of the dogmatist. While he is first and foremost an archaeologist, he possesses in high degree the judicial-mindedness required in the head of a great museum where no one department should receive exaltation at the expense of another.

BEAUTY A
MATERIAL ASSET

The New York "Tribune" reports a decision of the United States Circuit Court in Colorado which is very significant, and, from the standpoint of the past, distinctly radical. It is, in effect, a judicial decision that beauty is a material asset of positive value, to be guarded and protected like other kinds of property. In this case, a cañon, a waterfall, and a beautiful grove of flowers and trees created by the spray from the falls formed a landscape feature for a neighboring town. It was proposed by a commercial company to use the stream above the falls, and so destroy not only the falls but the verdure, making what is now a striking and beautiful miniature valley a place of rocks and barrenness. The town, which would have suffered by this destruction of one of its greatest charms, brought suit to prevent this use of the stream, and has won the suit. It was argued that, while the company had the right under the Constitution of the State "to divert the unappropriated waters of any natural stream to beneficial uses," the waters of this stream were already appropriated to beneficial uses, and could therefore no longer be classed as "unappropriated waters." The Court held that the use of the stream in creating the falls and maintaining the verdure was a beneficial use within the intent of the Constitution. "Public health," the judge declared, "is a beneficial use. Rest and recreation is a beneficial use, and for that purpose water is used to make beautiful lawns, shady avenues, attractive homes, and public parks with lakelets and streams

and artificial scenic beauty. Parks and playgrounds and grass are benefits and their uses beneficial, although there is no profit derived from them. The world delights in scenic beauty, but must scenic beauty disappear because it has no appraised cash value?" This decision will reinforce the effort to preserve beauty throughout the country. The formal judgment of a Court that beauty is useful may enlarge somewhat the sphere of judicial decision, but is in accord with common sense, the principle of conservation, and the growing feeling that in the interpretation of the law breadth of view, knowledge of life, and a touch of imagination are as essential as familiarity with the statutes.

A UNIVERSITY FOR THE PEOPLE

This title has been applied with justice and aptness to the great system of lectures carried on in New York City under the Department of Education. Under the direction of Dr. Henry M. Leipziger this system of popular instruction has grown to astonishing proportions and has furnished an example followed by many other large cities. The report for last year has been recently issued. It shows that not very far from a million people were present in that year in the city of New York at lectures delivered by 706 speakers on 1,654 different topics and before 5,196 audiences. The classified lists of lectures and the announcements for the coming year alike show a wise arrangement and an admirable selection of specialists and popular speakers. Literature, social subjects, art, history, science, geography, biography—all are included, and each is represented by many separate titles. The aid of pictures is invoked intelligently as well as delightfully. Dr. Leipziger has proved not only that adults will attend such courses of lectures even after the first novelty has worn off, but that they will in considerable numbers take up collateral branches of reading, and that serious education as well as entertainment has marked the enterprise. One woman, seventy years old, writes that she has attended two lectures a week for nine years. Not alone New York, but in large measure the country at large, owes Dr. Leipziger and his assistants

gratitude and appreciation for their services in pointing the way to a wider use of the school-house than was dreamed of a generation ago.

A BOYS' HOTEL When the Juvenile Court was established in Kansas City several years ago, the judge in charge, Judge H. L. McCune, soon discovered that, if the Court were to be effective, its activities must extend outside the court-room. One of the first things that came to his attention was the application for permits for boys below the legal age to go to work to help support their families. Most of these boys could earn only two or three dollars a week, and it impressed him as a great pity that they could not be paid this amount for going to school and so fitting themselves to be useful citizens. He mentioned the matter to some of his friends, and within a short time several men were contributing money every week toward what were called "scholarships" for the Juvenile Court. On the Court's order a boy whose earnings were necessary for the home was paid three dollars a week for going to school. Many homeless boys were brought before the Court for various delinquencies. It became apparent to Judge McCune that if a place could be provided where such boys could live while they were earning their living they would be much less likely to get into trouble. So he organized the Juvenile Improvement Club, which undertook to provide the scholarships and also to establish a Boys' Hotel where working boys could have a decent home at small cost. An old residence was used for this purpose, accommodating forty boys. When Judge E. E. Porterfield succeeded Judge McCune in charge of the Juvenile Court, two years ago, he found the hotel taxed beyond its accommodations. It was in charge of a superintendent who looked after the boys and helped them get jobs, and it charged them half of what they earned, not to exceed three dollars a week, for board and lodging. This year the demand became so great that the hotel had to turn away two hundred boys in five months. Many of these boys found their way eventually into the Juvenile Court for offenses which they would not have committed had they

been under the influence of the hotel. Judge Porterfield felt that there was imperative need for a new Boys' Hotel to accommodate a hundred boys, with a room for games, a gymnasium, baths, and other facilities. He set out, with the help of the Juvenile Improvement Club, to raise the money. Forty thousand dollars, he felt, would do as a minimum. But he asked for fifty thousand, to be raised in two weeks. The two weeks' campaign was finished October 1, and more than sixty thousand dollars was subscribed—most of it in small amounts. The readiness of the people to contribute showed their confidence in the hotel idea. The boys are not pauperized. They do not feel that they are objects of charity. They pay their way, and at the same time they are looked after and cared for. The plan promises to be one of wide usefulness.

THE NEW FOOTBALL RULES

Compared with the game five years ago, football, as it is played this fall, is decidedly "new." A spectator totally uninstructed in the rules of the game could see very quickly the marked difference between a game of 1905 and that of 1910. Described in football phrase, the difference is between "mass play" and the "open game." A few years ago mass play prevailed. The object for each side in football, it is hardly necessary to say, is to attempt to put the ball in some way across its opponent's goal line, and to prevent its opponent from putting the ball across its goal line. Speaking broadly, there are two ways by which this end is attempted: according to one, the men engaged in the struggle rush together in a knot about the ball, and in a swaying, twisting mass move slowly toward one goal or the other. The fortunes of the game are discernible in the progress of this mass. Of course, when the game is thus played, there are moments of exceptional enlivenment, but they are exceptional. According to the other way of advancing the ball, known as the open game, the ball is not a nucleus about which twenty-two men move slowly back and forth, but is rather an object which is kicked, thrown, or carried among a more scattered body of players. The fortunes of the game are visible not so

much in the swirling progress of a compact body of players as in the movements of the ball. Criticisms directed against football dominated by mass play were with regard to four points: First, that it offered opportunity, if not encouragement, for undetected unfair play; second, that its chief feature, the hurling of the combined weight of a number of men repeatedly against a single player, caused not only many serious injuries directly but also such exhaustion as to intensify many other injuries; third, that, although the game afforded intense excitement on the part of the spectators, it did not arouse intelligent and wholesome interest; and, fourth, that it deprived the players themselves of initiative, and intrusted the conduct of the game not to the participants themselves but to the coaches, who, like generals in a battle, planned the strategy and directed the attack and defense. Changes in the rules made four years ago very largely, if not altogether, met the criticisms on the first point. Unfair play since then has at least had no special reward, and, on the whole, has been made perilous to the culprit. Mass play, however, with its attendant danger and its lack of liveliness, remained as the dominant characteristic of the game. By the rules adopted this year, this has been very largely eliminated. In such a game as football, which necessarily involves the personal contact of the players, chance for injury cannot be entirely removed. But it can be, and it has been, evidently very much reduced. The objection to American football, that it is a struggle of coaches, not a contest between players, has not as yet been in any respect heeded in these rules. If any reader desires to learn how serious a matter for the coaches American football is, let him read Mr. Lorin F. Deland's article on "Football at Harvard and Yale," in the "Atlantic Monthly" for November. The elaborate rules, some so minute as to be unenforceable, are, moreover, like the penal code, not like the definitions of a sport for recreation. Incidentally, of course, as the game has been made more "open," the opportunity for individual initiative on the part of the players is more frequent; but that is merely incidental. Football is still in America a game of sporting generals.

MISSIONS AND UNITY

Few incidents of the last century were less conspicuous at the time or less prophetic of great results than the meeting of five students of Williams College under a haystack in a summer shower; but it is probable that, two hundred years hence, few events of the century will seem more significant or more prophetic of the great revival of religion which is slowly but certainly lifting the churches on a rising tide of faith and enthusiasm for the spread of Christianity through the non-Christian world. For to-day the missionary movement has gained a momentum, a breadth, and a quality of leadership which place it in the front rank of contemporary movements in society. Those who have not followed it or who are outside the reach of its influence do not understand what a deep impression it has made on the imagination of the religious world in America, and with what power it is appealing to young men and women. It is one of the most impressive expressions of the altruistic spirit which the world has seen; one of the noblest illustrations of that indestructible idealism which in every generation, however materialistic, has kept the human soul alive.

There is no remedy for slough, blindness of spirit, and selfishness so effective as absorption in the interests of others; nor is there any reaction upon character so direct and uplifting as that which follows the shifting of the base of interest from self to others. No story has been more frequently told in the experience of men than that of sacrifice—work and suffering forgotten in a heroic attempt to serve others. This familiar truth, of which life is constantly furnishing beautiful and affecting examples, is receiving a striking illustration in the reaction of missionary work on the churches at home; for there can be no doubt that the growing sense of the inadequacy of the means and methods of the churches to deal with the problems of modern society, the deepening sense of the lack of faith and unity among Christians, are largely due to what may be called the reflux wave of devotion and service which has come back from the remotest parts of the world. For more than a hundred years organized missionary

work has been conducted by American churches; and now, at the end of a century, that work has ceased to be merely one of the interests of the churches, and has become their chief interest. Speaking to a group of Methodist bishops recently, President Taft said: "I believe, and I think you will agree with me, that the attitude of the general public toward foreign missions to-day is almost completely revolutionized, and that you find, as you go about and urge contributions for that purpose, a willingness to listen and an interest in the work that perhaps you have never found before."

The Outlook commented lately on the missionary spirit in the Episcopal Church: the vital and growing interest of the members of that communion, the quickened consciousness of personal responsibility, the enthusiasm of individuals, and the rising tide of zeal for the spiritual welfare of the race in that Church. At Cincinnati a historical Church which forms the right wing of the army among Protestant communions, and at Boston the Congregational Church, which forms the left wing, never afraid of experiment, quick to adopt new methods, the skirmish line of the Protestant communions, showed a kindred harmony of spirit and purpose. In Cincinnati the regular sessions of the Episcopal General Convention were environed, so to speak, by missionary meetings, as the Gulf Stream is environed by the sea; and in Boston the consciousness that organized Christianity expressed in its most individual form in the Congregational churches was in its very nature a missionary enterprise, found expression in two forms: the organization of the Congregational churches in a more definite unity to secure efficiency, and the deep undercurrent of feeling for Christian unity expressed both at Cincinnati and at Boston. The Outlook gave large space to the resolution looking to a general council of Christendom presented at the Episcopal Convention, because of its possible importance in the near future. In Boston the Congregational Council adopted a kindred resolution, the significance of which as an expression of the growing passion for unity can hardly be overstated:

Whereas, the last Lambeth Conference of the bishops of the Anglican communion,

which was held in London in 1908, lifted up the ideal of Church unity in these words: "We must set before us the Church of Christ as he would have it, one spirit and one body, enriched with all those elements of divine truth which the separate communities of Christians now emphasize separately, strengthened by the interaction of all the gifts and graces which our divisions now hold asunder, filled with all the fullness of God. We dare not, in the name of peace, barter away those precious things of which we have been made stewards. Neither can we wish others to be unfaithful to trusts which they hold no less sacred. We must fix our eyes on the Church of the future, which is to be adorned with all the precious things, both theirs and ours. We must constantly desire not compromise but comprehension, not uniformity but unity."

And whereas the Anglican bishops further recommended that for this end conferences of ministers and laymen of different Christian bodies be held to promote a better mutual understanding; and we, on our part, would seek, as much as lieth in us, for the unity and peace of the whole household of faith; and, forgetting not that our fathers, whose orderly ministry is our inheritance, were not willingly separatists, we would loyally contribute the precious things of which, as Congregationalists, we are stewards, to the Church of the future; therefore this Council would put on record its appreciation of the spirit and its concurrence in the purpose of this expression of the Lambeth Conference, and voice its earnest hope for closer fellowship with the Episcopal Church in Christian work and worship.

It is further recommended that this matter be referred to a committee on overtures from the Protestant Episcopal Church to act as our representatives in carrying out the spirit and in furthering the interests of this resolution.

The Council also voted:

That in view of the possibility of fraternal discussion on Church unity suggested by the Lambeth Conference of Anglican bishops in 1908, a special commission of five be appointed to consider any overtures that may come to our denomination as a result of this conference.

Two great facts the missionary spirit has driven home to the Church in America: First, the incongruity of presenting to the non-Christian world a disunited Christian Church, and, in the very names of the organizations which profess to teach Christianity, transferring to the East the theological quarrels of the sixteenth century; second, the fundamental unity which underlies Christendom, and the immense loss of power, both for spiritual life and for missionary activity, inherent in divisions

among the followers of Christ. What kind or degree of unity may be reached in the future no man can foresee; but that the followers of Christ are being driven out of their old positions of isolation and antagonism and into some kind of co-operation no man whose eyes are open to the signs of the times can doubt. The non-Christian world has brought the Christian world face to face with the impossibility of teaching at the ends of the world a gospel of brotherly love which it does not practice at home.



POLITICAL CAMPAIGNING

The American people are difficult to suit—if the newspaper critics truly represent them. Citizens are severely rated for not taking an active interest in politics. Then when some of them do take an active interest in politics—attend primaries, go to conventions, take part in a campaign—they are severely rated for attempting to control, and are called bosses. If the National Administration takes no part in a campaign, this is evidence of a split in the party, and of the hostility of the faction in office to the faction out of office. If the Administration does take part in the campaign, and Cabinet officers leave Washington to speak in hotly contested States, they are condemned for deserting their posts and neglecting their duties.

We hold that it is the duty of every citizen in the Republic to exert all the influence that he can exert consistently with other duties on behalf of the principles and the party he believes in, and to give to the promotion of its policies all the energy he can spare from his private business. If he chances to be a National figure, and can get the ear of the Nation, he will speak to the Nation; if he is a village figure, he will speak to the village; if he has no aptitude for public speaking, he will speak in conversation to individuals. Whether it is Theodore Roosevelt traveling from New York to Osawatomie or John Jones traveling in a trolley from his suburban home to his city office, the principle is the same. Use all the influence you have for the principles you believe in.

And we hold, more specifically, that it

is the special duty of every administration in power in every city, State, or nation, to go before the people in time of political campaigning and explain to them the policies for which it stands and the reasons for their adoption. This it should do officially by the men who are intrusted with carrying their policies into effect. The members of Mr. Taft's Cabinet were criticised for leaving their desks at Washington to make campaign speeches in the doubtful States. This was not merely their right; it was their duty. They ought to have done it. They ought to do it more frequently. Their critics appear to us either not to comprehend popular government or not to believe in it.

The President and his Cabinet, the Governor and his staff, the Mayor and his associates, are the agents of the people. They are put in office to execute the people's will. The people have a right to know what they are doing and why they are doing it. The more intimate the connection between these officials and the people, the more truly democratic is the community. The people have a right to receive this knowledge directly and immediately from their agents. Are there not the official reports to Congress? Yes! And it would be well if these reports could be distributed through the local post-offices to every voter who desired to receive them. But they are too detailed and too lengthy for most readers. They are for Congress, not for the people. Are there not newspapers? Yes! But the newspapers give very inadequate and often very misleading information, not infrequently prepared by men too busy, too ill informed, or too partisan to give it with accuracy. We, the people, want to see our agents; we want to hear them, we want to question them. We cannot go to Washington; Washington should come to us.

Why do you not give us a postal telegraph and a postal parcels service? Come and tell us, Mr. Postmaster-General. Why two battle-ships a year rather than four battle-ships, or no battle-ships at all? Come and tell us, Mr. Secretary of the Navy. Why Conservation? Why not give our forests and our mines away, as we have given away our prairies? Come

and tell us, Mr. Secretary of Agriculture. We want to know the facts. Who knows them as well as you? We want to know the reasons. Who can state them as well as you? It is we, the people, who must determine whether the Nation shall retain or give away its forests and its mines; whether it shall build any battle-ships, and, if so, how many; whether Government or private corporations shall carry our packages for us. What do you recommend us to do? And why do you recommend it?

It would be well if a Cabinet officer could speak in every Congressional district. That is impossible. It would be well if a Cabinet officer or one of his first assistants could speak in every State. That also is impossible. But the nearer we can attain that unattainable ideal, the better. It would bring the people and their agents together. It would promote a better popular understanding of public affairs. It would give the people more accurate information concerning those affairs. It would enable them to understand and pass upon public policies. And it would give, what we really need, unity to the Administration. It would promote co-operation between the Cabinet and the Congressman. Elected after such an official exposition of the Administration's National policy, the Congressman would go to Washington understanding it and committed to its support. Congress would be elected to carry out a policy explained beforehand to the people by the official leaders of the party; and time now wasted in mutual misunderstandings between the National leaders of the party and its representatives in Congress would be saved.

We have done well to economize on brass bands and torchlight processions. We ought to make bribery impossible. But the money expended in public meetings is well expended. The campaign of education is worth all its legitimate cost. And in that campaign the ablest representatives of party principles ought to go before the people to interpret them. And pre-eminently the men charged with the execution of the party's policies are the men to go before the people and tell them what those policies are and why they should be sustained.

A TEACHER OF THE DRAMA

No one who pays even casual attention to current books can doubt that the prophecy that the drama would again contest the primacy of the novel in popular interest is being fulfilled; the presses teem with plays, and theaters which hold their doors open to dramatic literature instead of "crowd-catchers" are beginning to appear in the important cities. It is clear that the dramatic form, which many students of literature have treated as an extinct variety of writing, has again related itself to the life of the time; and it is probable that the problems which are confronting society to-day will find their most powerful expression in the play rather than in the novel. Such plays as "Justice," "The Nigger," "The Husband," and "Strife"—to select a few titles of recent dramas—show very clearly the attraction and the resource of the play to put on the stage the perplexing situations created by social and economic conditions, and to dramatize the deep and vital experiences through which society is passing.

No one can read these plays, on the other hand, without recognizing the pressing need of artistic training, of the mastery of stagecraft, on the part of our ardent and ambitious young playwrights. The material with which they deal is not only plastic; it is hot with emotion, with passion, with forces which may be as destructive of artistic quality and form as they may be destructive of the social order. Shakespeare's contemporaries dealt with situations that were charged with elemental passions; but these situations were created largely by temperament, by the fundamental relations of the individual to the social order. They were often historical in statement; they almost always grew out of the special and individual endowment of the children of fate, like Hamlet, Faust, Tamerlane, Macbeth. The play-writers of to-day are environed, so to speak, by dramatic situations created by the relations of classes of men with other classes. The older playwrights dramatized personal combats; the modern playwright dramatizes the varying phases of civil war carried on under the forms of law but constantly overleaping those forms.

The danger of the play-writer of to-day inheres in the vitality of his material; he deals with the very stuff of life. It comes to him hot with passion; his problem is, to be fired by its vitality and at the same time to keep himself outside its heat; to master its emotions by sympathy while resolutely keeping the movement he dramatizes in true perspective; in a word, to escape the perils of the agitator by remaining in the most exciting moments an artist. There is no wiser master of the perilous art which this increasing group of young writers are practicing than Molière, whom Goethe, the greatest of critics, declared that he had known and loved from his youth up, and of whom so open-minded and dispassionate a judge as Sainte-Beuve said, "To love him sincerely is to have a guarantee against many a defect and many a fault; it is to be antipathetic to all pedantry, all artificiality of style, all affectation of language; it is to love common sense in others as well as in yourself; it is to be assured against the danger either of overestimating our common humanity or of underestimating it; it is to be cured forever of fanaticism and intolerance." The dangers of the American playwright of to-day could not be more clearly indicated than in these admirable characterizations, and the closing phrase is a maxim of such value that it ought to be before the eyes of every young play-writer.

Mr. Brander Matthews's "Molière: His Life and His Works"¹ has therefore special timeliness; and, fortunately, it has special adaptation to the needs of the hour. It is the product of long and faithful study of the French master of the comedy which is as full of character as is tragedy, and it has the ripeness of knowledge, the sanity of judgment, and the artistic rectitude which are the fruits of long intimacy with a body of literary work of high permanent value. It tells the story of Molière's honorable and arduous life with all the fullness which the materials justify, and it describes his growth as an artist with the insight and breadth which recognize in the record of the work of a man of genius a stage in the unfolding of an art and a fresh disclosure of the

¹ "Molière: His Life and His Works." By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

innermost spirit and nature of the art. Few biographies are so thoroughly knit together as this, because few so clearly and steadily relate the individual piece of writing to the work as a whole, and present the phases through which the dramatist passes so consistently in the light of his entire career. Now and again the reader is conscious of repetition; but this defect, if it be a defect in this case, is due to the well-defined purpose to keep Molière steadily in view behind his individual works. The biography is admirable in the clearness of its style and the sanity of its judgment; it is also very interesting.

Molière, like Shakespeare, died in his prime, and his plays, with two exceptions, were written in the last fifteen years of his life. Like Shakespeare, he was an actor, but of far greater range and accomplishment than the English dramatist; like Shakespeare, he was a stage-manager and director of the business of the theater, and in both men there was that capacity for dealing with affairs which is an anchor-age for the man who sees visions or who sees deeply into the secret places of human nature. Like Shakespeare, he was a man of sanity of temper, of a balanced character, and of a companionable nature. It is probable that neither was happily married, but both were of too strong a metal to be wrecked by the loss of that companionship of the spirit in daily work which is the purest form of happiness. Both were born to comparative comfort in a middle station of life, and both had educational opportunities—limited in time in Shakespeare's case, but fortunately bringing within reach of both the kind of material which educates as well as trains the mind; both worked in great capitals in a highly energized age, in a language which was still fluid, and at the moment when the theater was ready to become a stage for presentation of life on a great scale; both had the favor of royalty, both were intimate with men of genius, and both had that capacity for growth which is the most enviable of the various gifts left in the cradles of the children who are to become torch-bearers to their fellows.

Shakespeare was a poet before he was a dramatist, and he remained a poet when he became a master of tragedy; his comedy was not, like Molière's, a study of

manners, but in its finest achievement a brilliant fencing of wits, or the creation of his lyric gift, his spirit of comedy, his poetic imagination in some fortunate hour when all the felicities of thought and vision and speech were within his reach. Molière, on the other hand, was always the dramatist who saw life clearly and saw it whole, and rendered it in the comic form, not for the empty-minded whose laughter is the crackling of thorns under a pot, but for those whose vision has the breadth of view which humor gives, and whose mirth finds expression in what Meredith has happily called "thoughtful laughter." Molière's comedy holds as much solidity and substance of character as tragedy, and "Tartuffe" and the "Misanthrope" are as serious in purpose and as powerfully conceived as the great figures which dominate the tragic stage.

As a teacher for modern playwrights Molière had great advantages: he wrote for a more fully developed theater and society than Shakespeare, and he was more consistently an artist. He never climbed the ultimate reaches of thought with Shakespeare, nor did he descend into the depths in a struggle for light on the ultimate mysteries; but he kept the way of artistic poise and clear vision of the actualities more steadily; he is within reach of his students, while Shakespeare often rises into a sphere to which supreme genius alone has access. Shakespeare is ready to inspire the few; Molière stands ready to teach the many.



THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator had not been to a county fair for some ten years or so. But this year he was staying with some cousins who are interested in a County Fair Association, and it was his opportunity to be behind the scenes, so to speak. A county fair is a matter of long and careful preparation. It has as much of a business side as an agricultural one; it has concessions and contracts, advertising displays and side shows, as well as races, prize stock, grain, vegetables, fruits, poultry, preserves, embroidery, quilts, and pedigreed dogs. The Spectator was privileged to know the complicated detail of planning

and arranging the exhibits: the farmer who came four times to ask whether his horses had to be in harness when exhibited or not, and who argued the case every time; the ladies whose pets were to be in the dog show, and who wanted the accommodations to be rather more complete and luxurious than the Waldorf-Astoria; the concessionaires who scrambled tooth and nail for the best locations, and harped on the marvelous attractions they would present. Something of a circus, something of a market-place, something of a Midway, something of an experiment station, and, above all, something of an education, such is the county fair of to-day.

It was a tent fair for the most part, and the man who was in charge of putting up the tents was an old circus man. He had been many years on the road, and, though he had retired to the country to raise chickens, he yet felt the call of the sawdust and the track. Like most circus men of ability, he was temperate, hard-working, and silent. In his heart he felt the whole thing to be amateur; one could see that. He was like a retired regular among volunteers. "Got a letter from the circus to-day," he told the Spectator in a burst of confidence, "and they want me to come back. Good position open. I dunno—doin' this kinder makes you homesick. Look at these tents. They ain't waterproof." This last observation sounded superfluous under a hot, cloudless September sky; but the Spectator remembered it later as prophetic. One exhibit, however, earned the circus man's full approbation. It was the Dog and Pony Show of trained animals, and included a very respectable leopard and panther, and two somewhat aged lions, as well. "It's a sort of overflow from a good show at Atlantic City," he explained, "and it's swingin' round the county fairs for a while. Some of the ponies is blind, but, say, the dogs is great! Their tent 'll hold water, too—it's the only one that will!"

A wild animal show seems a slightly out-of-the-way exhibit for a county fair; but nowadays the farmer likes a varied life, as every one knows. An "old plantation"

show, with colored clowns walking the tight-rope, was another Midway feature; and Mademoiselle Somebody had a platform and gave dances more remarkable than beautiful. There was an aeroplane show, and a balloon ascension also. But the most singular feature, and one that drew the largest crowd of agriculturists, was the Australian Snake-Eating Girl. There had been some question about the advisability of this attraction, and the Spectator's cousins had objected in vain. Certainly it drew; yet to pay to go in and look down into a tank where a savage-looking lady in nondescript costume bit into dead snakes, howling mournfully as she did so, was surely a waste of money, even with wheat at a dollar a bushel. Just opposite a flour company served out free all day the most enticing hot griddle-cakes and biscuits—a study in contrasts not planned by the management, but none the less striking for being unpremeditated.

The Spectator found the farm machinery section most interesting. The American farmer needs to be one-third mechanic and one-third business man in these modern days of gas engines, cream separators, electric milkers, steam plows, fodder-cutters, acetylene lighting plants, and co-operative schemes. Cement, for example, is a study in itself—one enterprising company had a whole miniature farm done in cement as an object-lesson exhibit. Farm-house, barns, chicken-houses, pig-sties, and even fence-posts were of cement, and a crowd of well-dressed farmers were examining the model all day. A rival crowd were near by at the automobile exhibit, for the farm and the automobile seem to have a mutual benefit association in this age of the world.

"Farmers have the money," said the Spectator's cousin. "Look at the advertisements in our official programme. The city department stores advertise in it—they know how the farmers buy. The banks are in—they know farmers are gilt-edged depositors now. The business colleges advertise—they want the sons and daughters from the farms. The

cold-storage people are ready for eggs and chickens and butter and fruit. The automobile companies want plenty of space. The cement people are tremendous advertisers, of course, and are coining money. Here's a trust company advertising private rooms in connection with safe deposit vaults. Farmers didn't use to have private rooms at banks offered them that way, did they? And here is the spring-water company, with its 'ad.'—the old well isn't good enough for the farmer's family any more. They can pay to escape typhoid as well as, and better than, the city dweller. Twenty years ago, to go to a county fair was to plunge into the Dark Ages. To-day the county fair will teach you something every time, even if you come from the biggest cities going."



The Spectator certainly learned something not five minutes afterward. He is familiar with blasting operations in the New York streets—what dweller in Manhattan is not?—but he had never heard of planting trees with dynamite or plowing by its aid. A powder exhibit "for use on the farm" showed him the *modus operandi*. To plant a tree, the up-to-date farmer drills a hole in the earth to the required depth, puts in the dynamite, and sets it off. There is no danger and no sending of the earth and stones into the air. But the earth all around the charge is broken and pulverized beyond anything possible by mere digging, and the roots of the tree have thus an ideal chance to establish themselves then and thereafter. As for plowing, the most stubborn clay becomes ready and willing under a shallower treatment. After this demonstration, the Spectator was not surprised to find, near by, a crowd of farmers viewing the scientific slaughter, by an expert employed by the State, of a tuberculous cow. After the animal was killed the various tissues attacked by the disease were shown and lectured upon, and the whole subject of tuberculosis in cattle, the tuberculin test, etc., were commented upon. Modern science, like the business

advertisers, has for one of its mottoes, "Back to the farm!"



The Spectator greatly enjoyed the dog show, which boasted more than one champion animal and ranged all the way from Great Danes to Pekinese spaniels. The races—no betting allowed—were spoiled by the rain on the only day he attended them. It was a pouring, searching shower, and the Spectator, remembering the circus man's dictum, took refuge in the Dog and Pony Show, and was wise in so doing, for all the other tents leaked like sieves, as had been foretold. The tent was crowded, and in the man beside him the Spectator found an old acquaintance—a veteran Pinkerton detective from the city, but employed by the fair management, so he said, every year. "I like it," he declared, "and it's a good show. I followed the sea for twelve years, and I've been all over the world from Japan to the Argentine, besides being in this business for nearly twenty years since. I tell you, farmin' is gettin' more interestin' all the while. I don't find it dull here, for all I've seen of the world." The Spectator ventured to remark that it was a rest from the wickedness of the city; but at that the detective smiled. "No, sir! That's another thing you learn in my business. I'd resign to-morrow if I believed what some folks do about the wickedness of the world. Most people are good, city and country. And even the worst have streaks of good that would surprise you. Boys—why, the way you can straighten up boys, the worst of them, sometimes, is wonderful, if once you can get at the goodness that's in them underneath. It's those that don't know the world the way we detectives do, down in the worst places, that don't believe in human nature. We do. If we didn't, we'd be no good; we wouldn't get at the truth of things." It was a pleasure to find so stout an optimist in an unsuspected quarter; and as the sun came out again, and the Spectator started out to look at the prize poultry, he felt that he had indeed learned several things at the County Fair,

REMINISCENCES OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE

BY GEORGE S. MERRIAM

WHEN news came of the death of Edward Everett Hale, it seemed to me his epitaph might be, "The most beloved man in America." By his personal presence he was known all over the country; by his multifarious writings he was more widely known; and in everything he wrote or said or did there was a quality of serviceableness and frank human kindness which irresistibly attracted. I have sometimes fancied an Exposition of the Solar System, to which each planet—each star if you like—should send samples of its productions. I have pleased my fancy by selecting certain individuals—from history or literature or personal acquaintance—to whom I should give my vote for a place in the exhibit of the Earth. And Hale is one of the men whom I should like to have shown to the Martians, Mercutians, *et al.*, as a specimen of what old Mother Earth can do when she tries.

Hale once said that a good biography of Lincoln could have been made by asking each of a hundred men, taken just as you met them, to tell you his own particular story about Lincoln. That would not be a bad way to compile a biography of Hale himself. Here I make my fragmentary contribution of personal memories and impressions.

I came to know him in the early seventies, when I was managing editor of the "Christian Union"—now The Outlook—and he was an occasional contributor. Before meeting him personally I had read his "Ten Times One is Ten." I think this booklet gives more of himself than any of his more famous works. Briefly: Harry Wadsworth, an obscure young man, dies, and around his grave a group of his friends recall the generous and helpful qualities which had endeared him, and agree that they will try to live in the same spirit, and to win others to a like purpose. At the end of a year they meet again, and find that each of the ten has drawn ten others into their informal

brotherhood. The next year repeats the multiplication, and so the movement spreads. And the motto which is their sole creed and constitution is this:

"To look up and not down;
To look forward and not back;
To look out and not in;
And to lend a hand."

By the tenfold rate of progress, in a few years all the world is brought in—all but one man. Universal peace and happiness reign; all the gunpowder is devoted to a salute of rejoicing, which awaits only the conversion of the last man. But Dr. Dryasdust, an eminent Presbyterian divine, has conscientious scruples against so lax a creed, and pronounces it no better than "a covenant of works." At this juncture a fire breaks out in a city block, and several women are driven by the flames to the roof, where no escape seems possible. As the crowd gaze in dismay, a shirt-sleeved figure is dimly seen through the smoke, who succeeds in crossing the gap from the next building, extemporizes a bridge, and rescues the women. The throng rush up the stairs to find the hero, and discover, in his study, resuming his clerical coat—Dr. Dryasdust! He makes light of his feat—"a mere gymnastic trick, learned in college in my unregenerate days." But the people cheer wildly, and the cry goes out, "Dr. Dryasdust has lent a hand!" A wave of jubilation sweeps round the globe; all the cannon roar their triumph. Almost drowned in the joyful din, Dr. Dryasdust's voice reiterates, "Brethren, I never will consent to a covenant of works."

That story is just a piece of Hale himself—the deep purpose, the high spirits, the comradeship, the exuberance, the fun. And, winged by this extravaganza, there struck home to the common people's consciousness "the four mottoes," and they became a part of the every-day gospel. Hale said to me in later years: "They are just a modern version of Paul's 'faith, hope, and charity.' To look up and not

down—that is faith. To look forward and not back—that is hope. To look out and not in—that is charity in thought. To lend a hand—that is charity in action.”

One fortunate day Mr. Hale appeared in the “Christian Union” office. He was tall, with a face no one could pass without noticing: dome-like forehead, deep-set gray-blue eyes, swarthy complexion, haggard lines, a sweet and ready smile, grizzled hair and full beard. The first impression was of a sort of John the Baptist. Then, with the first exchange of look and hand-grasp, the first tones of his deep voice, came the sense of cordial comradeship. His talk was graphic, wide-ranging, full of suggestion and entertainment; he was a prince of talkers.

When my wife and I made what was practically our first visit to Boston, Mr. Hale, on whom we had no claim beyond a brief acquaintance, volunteered to introduce us to some of the attractions of the town, and gave up two of his busy days to act as the most delightful of cicerones. He showed us not only the famous features of the Hub—buildings, monuments, historic spots—but odd and out-of-the-way matters of interest. He took us to one place (it was in winter) where every day a dinner was given to any person who asked for it: “We don’t publish it abroad, but no man in Boston need go without a dinner.” He illustrated the best interiors of the city by showing us through the house of a merchant prince—a delightful abode, with open fires and fresh flowers everywhere. Finally he brought us in touch with his own work. We attended a meeting in his church of a class of ladies to whom he was giving a series of lectures on American history. After hearing his talk, one felt like discarding all other pursuits to study history! The evening of the same day, he took us to one of his church parlors where he had invited fifteen or twenty of his young people, on the threshold of manhood and womanhood. His purpose was to enlist them in an informal way in active service to people around them. In an hour’s talk he gave them his familiar gospel of helpfulness, with illustrations suited to their age and circumstances, and with a sweet persuasiveness. Then they all sang together “America” and “The Breaking

Waves Dashed High.” When the meeting ended, the youngsters came round him, half-eager, half-shy, with questions and proposals: “Mr. Hale, could I do so-and-so?” “Would there be a chance for me in this direction, or in that?” And so they enlisted for the good fight—not by profession, but by beginning with some definite line of action.

Dismissing all chronological order, I am reminded here of another occasion, when he took me to the annual dinner of the Examiner Club. Ten or fifteen men, of various callings, and each, I believe, of some note in his own line of work, met for an excellent dinner and informal sociability. I sat at Dr. Hale’s side, and through the long repast he carried on with me a steady flow of agreeable and racy talk, which kept my faculties alert in a most enjoyable give and take. At the same time he was maintaining a wholly different but no less continuous and vivacious stream of conversation with his neighbor on the other side! When the dinner was over, half of the diners clustered about him, all with similar requests: “Dr. Hale, I’ve a patient who needs the right word said to him more than he needs medicine—can you come and see him?” “That woman you steered straight is getting into danger, and none of us quite know how to handle her—can you take her in hand again?” “Our Friendly Society has got into a muddle—can you come in and have a talk with the officers?” And to every request came a prompt compliance.

And here I drop the thread of my own reminiscences to generalize a little. Hale—I call him by the simple name; the doctorate seems as superfluous to him now as to Franklin or Luther—Hale was characteristically and in the largest sense a minister. He was a servant—servant of humanity and friend of the world; in no abstract fashion, but comrade and helper to all the men and women and children he knew. He was by turns or at once preacher, lecturer, editor, story-writer, historian, organizer, reformer, chaplain of the Senate, and twenty things besides. The variety of his occupations was partly due, I suppose, to an immense vitality, for which no one channel or ten channels sufficed. It belonged partly to his Amer-

ican temperament, stimulated for centuries by a physical atmosphere which somehow drives brain and pulse at racing speed; partly to the social atmosphere which in our time and country urges, invites, and hurries to manifold activities. Whatever may have been its causes, this variety of occupations, with the tremendous pace at which they were carried on, affected not only the quantity but the quality of his life-work, and made it extensive rather than intensive. Most of his writings lacked the thorough workmanship to give them permanence. His histories had too large a proportion of fancy to fact. He started countless enterprises, many of which he never carried through. Some were carried through by others, some were still-born. But it is idle to regret these limitations—they were the incidents of a genius and a character which both in achievement and nobility transcended most of the minute and scrupulous tribe—be it said with no disrespect to the steadier toilers. His special function was like that of a lamp-lighter who moves rapidly along, kindling the torches which will burn after he has gone—as, in the Easter illumination of St. Peter's at Rome, I have seen the outlines of the dome traced in swiftly advancing line of light, borne forward by invisible hands.

Hale came of choice New England stock, and belonged by birth to the class which Dr. Holmes rather snobbishly portrayed as the New England Brahmins. But he was of the sort that will not even gild its aristocracy with such lofty phrases as *noblesse oblige*, but prefers to the dignified terrace the common ground of humanity. He was a democrat to the core. He was ready to make every man not only his friend but his teacher. His university was the working world. He gained something from the gardener, the fisherman, the pilot, the engineer, the commercial traveler. From a new kind of wheelbarrow to a new comet, he welcomed all fresh knowledge. And all discoveries, all utilities, each phase of nature, art, humanity, was to him a room or a window or a picture in our Father's house.

He was a graduate of Harvard, and a Unitarian minister; he was loyal to the university, the profession, and the denomination; yet he scarcely showed any ear-

mark of either of the three. He found his theological school in his father's newspaper office. In his habits of mind and of work—save that the voice was equally his weapon with the pen—he was of the journalist type. He had the journalist's width of interests, his instinct for the man on the street, his swift and usually rather light touch. He was thoroughly journalistic in the steady flow of production, which hinders the accumulation of power until it leaps the barrier in a cataract of splendid achievement.

One of his acquaintances said, "It seemed to me that Hale scarcely ever did any one thing as great as he had the capacity for. But once I saw him rise to the full height of his powers. It was at a dark time in the Civil War, at a public meeting when neither speakers nor audience seemed able to rise above the besetting depression. Then Hale took the platform, and with his noble voice and great personality made one of the most inspiring, thrilling speeches I ever listened to. In that hour he rose to his ideal possibilities."

In contrast with another great apostle of his time and town, Phillips Brooks, who threw almost his whole power into the distinctive work of the Christian ministry, Hale took an active and leading part in many of the social and political movements of his day. We find him in 1854, during his Worcester pastorate, helping to organize the New England Emigrant Aid Society, the foremost agency in filling Kansas with settlers who were to win the Territory to freedom and give the final check to the advance of slavery. All through the Civil War he was speaking, writing, organizing, to keep the Northern conscience true to the highest aims, and to nerve its heart for achievement and endurance. In the white-hot glow of those days was struck out his most famous story, "The Man Without a Country." In his maturity and later life he was active in the various forms of "the new charity" for the rescue of the fallen, the lifting of the "submerged tenth," the realization of human brotherhood in the organization of society as well as by the personal touch. It came like the crown of his career that his was one of the earliest voices to call for international peace through systematic

arbitration, as a practicable and perhaps a near achievement. Come it must and will, whether soon or late; and Edward Hale may then be remembered not only as "the dreamer whose dream came true," but as one who helped translate the dream into actuality.

He was a man of clear-cut opinions, strong convictions, and vigorous prejudices. I have heard him contrast two preachers—I have forgotten their names: "One talked in this way: 'My dear friends, I am saying to you what now seems to me the sacred truth, but if to-morrow or the next hour I see it otherwise I shall be the first to say so; and if it now fails to commend itself to your best intelligence and feeling, then do not receive it.' The other man"—and this, I think, was Theodore Parker—"would say to his audience, 'This is the truth—it is God's own truth—and if you don't believe it and act on it you'll be damned!'" Certainly Hale put the whole of himself behind each message.

The impress of the war for Liberty and Union left him, like so many of his contemporaries, a stiff Republican for life, go the grand old party where it would. When James Freeman Clarke—his brother in spirit, though almost antithetical in temperament, and fighting usually in the same ranks—when Clarke and many others of his friends went over to Cleveland and the Mugwumps in 1884, it was a grief to him. He held to Ben Butler, one of his war heroes, when the moral forces of Massachusetts rallied against him. For very many years he could hardly dissociate the South from the barbaric taint of slavery. His heart and soul went out to the young and vigorous West. One might fancy that the meeting-point of the sections in his mind, when the whole reunited country became indeed his country, was found in the Southwest, where Texas was made the scene of some of his historic romances. Certainly the all-round Americanism of his loyalty, as well as the typical Americanism of his character, gave fitness and fineness to his office, in his last years, as chaplain of the United States Senate.

But, after all, Hale was beyond everything a minister of religion in its special sense. In this respect I judge that no man was a better index and representative

of the broadest and best tendencies of American Christianity at the end of the nineteenth century; while, at the same time, there was a most individual flavor to his work. In a way he was a most typical religious teacher and worker of his time; but, further, he was Edward Everett Hale, and unlike anybody else.

As to his immediate spiritual ancestry, he stood in the second generation of American Unitarians. In the growth of the Unitarian body two tendencies were notable. Unitarianism was the natural channel, the open field, for that intense questioning of the universe, in the interest of the spiritual life, which, with the "Institutes" of Calvin as its starting-point and first text-book, has run its course in New England from Jonathan Edwards until to-day. Also, both Channing's leadership and the conditions of New England and Boston gave the Unitarians a strong impulse toward social, political, and humanitarian reforms. Of these two tendencies, it was not at all with speculative Unitarianism that Hale was in sympathy. He accepted as his birthright the intellectual freedom and the simple and vital conception of religion which his spiritual fathers bequeathed. But as to the conundrums of the universe, the cosmic philosophy, and what not—let others puzzle over them; his be it to plow and sow and garner and distribute food for the children of God!

When Theodore Parker broke with the whole supernatural theology, planted himself on a religion of simple theism, and swung a battle-ax against old creeds as against social abuses, Hale was one of the few Unitarian ministers who had a cordial hand and an open pulpit for the iconoclast. But the iconoclast's temper and methods were not his. So that men found access to a living and fatherly God, he cared not what road of rite or doctrine they followed. He stood on the simple creed of which we might almost say, "Most can raise the flower now, For all have got the seed." Its familiar expressions are such phrases as "The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men," "The love of God and the service of men in the spirit of Jesus," Hale's own "four mottoes," and such like. And when Hale taught this old-new gospel,

found fresh phrases for it, illustrated it by story, verse, by extravaganza even, exemplified it every day in his public and private life, put it to use in societies to help all kinds of troubled souls and suffering bodies, welcomed fellowship with every one who would "lend a hand"—why, he naturally found everywhere stout hands and warm hearts welcoming him. Little need to hew at the barriers of sect when they were being fast submerged by the rising tide. Who cared whether Harry Wadsworth was a Unitarian or a Baptist?

Of the two aspects of religion, the Godward and the manward, it is the human relation with which Hale's name is especially associated. But to him the human service had as its background and atmosphere a Divine presence, a communion with the invisible, giving support and gladness, and bringing the soul into conscious touch with its source and home. One of his characteristic phrases was "The Real Presence." This familiar symbol of Catholic worship he used in a universal sense.

I do not remember any intellectual arguments addressed by Hale against unbelief. But the way of life which he taught and which he lived, and which as a practical and every-day matter is open to every one who wishes to follow it, generates an atmosphere in which skepticism withers. It is the life of the spirit—the life of service, sympathy, aspiration, reverence—which brings man into realization of the spiritual universe. You fight the weeds in your garden path, chopping away with hoe and rake, only to renew the fight a few days later. But strew the path thoroughly with coarse salt, and the weeds fail to put in an appearance. So the skepticism which crops up again after the keenest edge of dialectics has been laid at its root, dies away in a soil impregnated with homely fidelities and generous affections. Edward Hale's words and acts were constantly charging the soil of men's hearts with that antiseptic quality.

And here again it seems to me his work was typical of the Time-Spirit. In the downfall of religious authority and the confrontal of man with new aspects of the universe there is a multiform effort to reconstruct the inner world—to reconceive

man's relations with the whole. Speculative philosophy is inevitable and serviceable. But while idealist, materialist, positivist, pragmatist, are fighting their battles, it seems sometimes as if the foundation of man's higher life was in suspense or solution—and how is his house to stand? But meanwhile the Great Mother has other activities in full progress. Men are throwing themselves into human service with new ardor. The love and sympathy and comradeship which have been generated in the human family—with its "true and original trinity of father, mother, and child" (Hale's phrase)—this spirit is being wonderfully extended into wider relations. It is rising through the loyalty of class, community, nation, toward one all-including human brotherhood. The "bridal dawn of thunder peals" is the herald of the advancing realization of the saint's vision, the philosopher's Utopia, in common human affairs. In a word, while speculative philosophy still gropes and battles, the advance of actual knowledge is matched by the progress of human sympathy and human serviceableness. And in a society so humanized man will recognize his spiritual and divine relations as he has never recognized them yet. Such a reading is justified by that great saying of the New Testament: "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God."

So we come back to Hale's distinctive mission—the promulgation of human love and helpfulness. "Promulgation"—but it was not his preaching in itself that counted most, but the practice that weighted and winged his preaching. As I remember him, it is not the sermon, the romance, the history, that I most recall, but the constant flow of activities—the morning's desk piled high with letters, appeals of every sort; the swift, effective dealing with the pile, aided by the little group of devoted helpers who were always at his service; the calls, the journeys, the casual street meetings, with their various fruit. I spoke of a possible biography made up of the personal stories of a hundred people; it is along this line of miscellaneous helpfulness that the stories would be richest. There was nothing professional about it all. He did such things,

not because he was a salaried minister, nor because his theory of religion called for it, but primarily out of simple human kindness.

The way he remembered individual cases and faces was wonderful. His congregation was spread from Newfoundland to Alaska. It was said of a certain mother, "Her heart had a separate cell of honey for each of her children;" and Hale seemed to have an individual niche for each one of thousands of souls. A woman who knew him only by reputation found herself moved to confide in him and ask his advice in a domestic problem closely affecting her happiness. He listened attentively, then said: "This is too serious and complicated for an off-hand answer. Come again in a few days and I will tell you what I think." Some unexpected turn of affairs opened the woman's way, and she did not return. Several years afterward she was leaving a train at a railway station, and as she passed down the aisle she saw him (they had never met but once) occupying a seat. With no sign from her he recognized her, and leaned forward with the exclamation, "My child, you never came back!"

I have not yet touched on a side of him most characteristic but hard to describe. He had wit, he had humor, and something more—a vein of fancy, a happy and merry make-believe. Of his wit I must give one instance—the only saying of his own which I ever heard him recall. He was visiting Horace Mann in the early days of Antioch College, and in their walk about the grounds they encountered a sign reading, "Gentlemen are requested not to spit tobacco juice in the presence of ladies." Hale exclaimed against it. "But it is necessary," said Mann. "At least soften it somehow," said Hale. "Put it in Latin." "How could you say it in Latin?" asked Mann. "Why," replied Hale, promptly, "*Ne quid nimis—ne quid nigh Miss!*"

His peculiar humor and fancy blossomed out in a fairy-story quality which he often threw into his writings. It gave sometimes a whimsical form to his inveterate optimism. He turned to it for his own and his friends' delectation as a child turns to its play. It tinges many of his

stories of serious purpose, like "Ten Times One is Ten." Truth to tell, the roseate hue sometimes is followed by a touch of disheartenment in the listeners. Real drunkards are not always so surely and swiftly reformed; the visible kingdom of God does not seem to advance by a tenfold multiplication annually. I think Hale himself was sometimes misled by the glamour his imagination threw. I happened to hear his address on the tenth anniversary of the founding of the "Lend a Hand Clubs"—a practical embodiment of the Harry Wadsworth idea. The preacher asked, How has it happened that the world has not been converted in these ten years? and really seemed to find some matter of surprise in the failure!

But his rainbows made the tramp along the dusty highway more cheerful even if you never found the pot of gold. I saw his cheery make-believe illustrated during a visit to his summer residence, Matunac—a charming, simple, spacious family home on the Rhode Island coast, set among huckleberry pastures and near the sea. The household was conducted under the form of a military post, in which each member had his or her special rank and functions. The day's entertainment would be announced by a placard like this: "The garrison will make an expedition by Long Pond to Smoke Hill. Commissary Ned will attend to the supply of provisions. Captain Rob will see to the water transportation. The force will rendezvous at the front gate at ten sharp." How delightful were the rambles and the sails and the whole indoor and outdoor life! With equal pleasure I recall the Boston home, in Roxbury—the big, livable house set in its old-fashioned garden; the numerous family of boys and girls; the exhaustless bookshelves; the simple, hospitable household ways; the various visitors; the quaint observances, such as the use at family prayers of a Testament in a different language by each member of the circle. I remember how responsibilities were forgotten and all tension dissolved on that evening when a jolly group of us saw Boucicault (my first sight of him) with Annie Clarke in "Arrah na Pogue," and on our return made merry over a modest night supper. I remember, at the end of that visit, I couldn't

help saying, "Dr. Hale, I hate to leave the delightful people among whom you have brought me." Quick came the answer, in his deep, mellow bass: "Make good society where you are."

Lockhart, in writing of the financial embarrassments into which Walter Scott fell, says that a man whose imagination is so active as Scott's, and keeps him half the time in the world of fancy, can hardly be expected to keep always a firm footing when he returns to common earth. I suppose Hale's exuberant imagination sometimes took him off his feet, made him over-hopeful in his estimates, and betrayed him into practical mistakes. He was not a first-class business man, and he sometimes got into difficulties from which his friends had to extricate him—a help they were glad to give. But, in the large and just view, his vivid fancy, along with his humor and playfulness, contributed vastly not only to getting good work done, but done with ease and joy. Never was a sinner who had and made so much fun as this saint! I once happened into the lecture-room of his church when he was giving a reading from his own stories. The story chosen was "The Yellow Dog"—one of his fantasies. It started with the going of Joseph to Egypt as prisoner of a company of Midianites, as told in Genesis. Joseph, so ran the tale, one night tried to steal away and go back to Canaan. He got safely as far as the borders of the encampment, when a yellow dog barked, gave the alarm, and Joseph was recaptured. Now, said the story, if the yellow dog had not barked, Joseph would have escaped, Jacob's family would never have gone to Egypt, and the whole course of the world's history would have been different. And then ensued a supposititious history of what might have been for the next forty or fifty generations! As I listened to this drollery I had my eye on the audience, and they were the best of all. A company of genuine Bostonians—cultivated, serious, with high purposes and a good deal of dead-in-earnest (all this one easily guessed if he didn't see)—and all these excellent folks with a broad smile often rippling into laughter over a ridiculous story of a yellow dog and a history that never happened! And I said to myself, "Who embroiders

a serious gospel with a halo of mirth like our dear old Hale!"

Under the play of humor, fancy, and whim he had a large sagacity in the conduct of life. His self-effacement for others was made efficient by a wise self-care. The mention of his multifarious activities might suggest the probability of that Americanitis disease which consumes or cripples so many who can least be spared. But Hale lived far into the eighties, keeping to the last the *mens sana in corpore sano*. It was not by accident or by miracle, but by the husbanding of his vital force. As a single point, I remember how he guarded himself against insomnia. He understood and respected the physiological fact which lies at the root of sleep; that its necessary condition is that the brain be free from that special pressure of blood which is occasioned by the demand of strenuous mental action for its necessary pabulum. I have seldom met with a better formula for the day than that given me by a Catholic priest whom I met in the second cabin of an Atlantic steamer; brave fellow, he had sacrificed his own life in the exhausting work of a Western parish, and was going home to Ireland to die—but his theory was sound: "A pious morning, a busy day, and a jolly evening!" The jolly or at least the toil-free evening was part of Hale's personal regimen. One of his rules for himself was: "No brain work for at least six hours before bedtime," and that was his habitual practice. This trait may serve to illustrate that wise and resolute economy of nerve force which made possible his lavish giving of life's best. *Life*—that was his characteristic word; and the motto on his church stationery was, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

If his writings showed usually the sunny side, no one who once saw his face could doubt that he had made full proof of the dark midnight hours which Goethe says are the price of the highest knowledge and achievement. In truth, he had his full share of heart-wringing sorrow. And he shared the sorrows of others, as all saviors must. His ministrations often called him to hard tasks—such, for instance, as taking an insane person to an asylum. He brought comfort to a burial,

as he touched a wedding's happiness with something sacred and beautiful. A friend tells me, "After my wife's death he wrote me a letter, of which the very words printed themselves in my heart." And this letter my friend is good enough to let me give:

My dear, dear friend:

Her beautiful picture lies before me here, as lifelike and as winning as ever. It has been on my table before me as I sit and write, every day since you were so thoughtful as to send it to me. And I have been, in the spirit, a companion to you in this journey and in these rests which I knew you so much enjoyed—a thousand times the more because you were together.

And now we must keep the picture without seeing her face again till we see her there. I cannot make it real. And I have had too much experience of such grief to think that I ever shall make it real. No! we are not meant to!

I think, and I hope, your experience will be what I have gone through—though of course I do not mean that I have ever had such a loss as yours—my own self wrenched away. But still I have looked death square in the face as you do.

Well! At first there was this horrid remembrance all the time of sickness—of this symptom and that medicine—and what this doctor said and what that one did not say. It has not been till afterwards that I sometimes have seen through into the infinite clear heaven. Afterwards—I call it miracle—God himself does open one's eyes to see and one's heart to feel what passes all understanding.

But I did not write to say this—only to make you sure how we are sorrowing in your sorrow. My wife sends her best love to you.

Always yours,

EDWARD E. HALE.

It has been said that Hale's fame may not be permanent, at least in the degree that he deserves. But how little it matters! Tennyson speaks of a fame lasting perhaps for ages, yet transient in the presence of "Geology and Astronomy, terrible muses." Elsewhere he gives as the aspiration of Virtue, not the glory of "a voice flying on to be lost on an endless sea," but rather "to go on and still to be."

Milton speaks of the desire for fame as "the last infirmity of noble minds," and the noblest minds of all rise above it. With such we may rank our dear Edward Hale, by witness of his whole life, and especially of these verses, which I have never seen in permanent form, and which seem to me as characteristic as anything he ever wrote. They are dated "All Souls' Day," and entitled

THE UNNAMED SAINTS

What was his name? I do not know his name.

I only know he heard God's voice and came;

Brought all he loved across the sea,

To live and work for God and me;

Felled the ungracious oak,

With horrid toil

Dragged from the soil

The thrice-gnarled roots and stubborn rock;

With plenty filled the haggard mountain-side,

And, when his work was done, without memorial died.

No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame;

He lived, he died. I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones

Show me the place where lie his mouldering bones.

Only a cheerful city stands,

Builded by his hardened hands;—

Only ten thousand homes,

Where, every day,

The cheerful play

Of love and hope and courage comes;

These are his monuments, and these alone,—

There is no form of bronze and no memorial stone.

And I?

Is there some desert or some boundless sea
Where Thou, great God of angels, wilt send me?

Some oak for me to rend, some sod

For me to break,

Some handful of thy corn to take,

And scatter far afield,

Till it in turn shall yield

Its hundredfold

Of grains of gold,

To feed the happy children of my God?

Show me the desert, Father, or the sea.

Is it Thine enterprise? Great God, send me!

And though this body lie where ocean rolls,

Father, count me among All Faithful Souls!

MOTHERS AND THE GAME

BY GRACE HASTINGS SHARP

The Outlook believes in football, but also believes in, and has often urged upon players and college authorities, the necessity of making such rules as would reduce to a minimum the danger from the game. It prints this article because it believes that the mother-side has not been heard, and because it sympathizes with the mother's point of view. It is natural that a mother should object to having her boys sent off the field with broken arms or legs, and especially with broken necks; and while The Outlook does not wholly agree with the mother who writes this article, it is glad to give her a chance to be heard.—THE EDITORS.

THE football season is with us again, the Revised Rules are in force, and the kill is on.

Of course we cannot be expected in this year of Hope 1910 to feel so keenly the pity of it all, since it was in the year of Accident 1909 that horror reached its climax on the day which saw the killing of three other college boys besides that of the West Point cadet Byrne.

None of those deaths "came home," as one apologist declared, sufficiently near to point a moral. But with each year now a new enrollment of killings comes closer to some of us who have boys approaching college age. With still some half-dozen years of margin, I already feel the time short. Meanwhile I have looked in vain for a mother's appeal against the football standard of life valuation; for woman, with rare obedience, has for this once obeyed St. Paul's injunction to silence. Even the problem novelist has left this field uninvaded, so far as I know.

Lest it appear a woman's reason, I shall not dwell upon the economic waste that costs motherhood so dearly. Her hypersensitive nerves, her overanxious mind, and her unnatural affections are not fit to weigh in the balance against the worth of that bulldog endurance which is the glory of the gridiron.

But the perverted ideals for which the football college is responsible might fitly be a phase of the football situation that a thinking woman might use as an appeal to an intelligent man.

As mother of four boys I am bound to protest against the college professor's remark that accidents "may have a temporary effect, especially upon the parents, but I do not believe it will have any permanent effect upon the game." He might find himself far from right if a strong

sentiment of these same shelved parents ruled against the football college. Directly or indirectly, it might have a deciding effect upon the game's continuance; for, extraordinary as it may sound, it is quite true that parents have still a deciding vote—beyond the power of college president, or even of football coach—in choosing their sons' Alma Mater. Paying the bills constitutes a potential balance-of-power not to be disregarded altogether by our sons or by the colleges.

In order to better the physical growth of my boys, I have so far consented to my own eclipse as to move from an outlook on Boston Common to a remote hill-top of a neighbor town, two miles from the nearest school. As no truant officer has cared to seek us out in our fastnesses, it has been my privilege to teach as well as to mother my own. With passing regards to the school system of the town, my experience has been worth while, and such has been my success that so far my boys have been saved from adenoids, mechanical toys, and the Sunday supplement, and have been saved *to* sound bodies, self-made amusements, and an unperverted sense of humor.

While held to wholesome activity by free outdoor play and by regular duties in barn and poultry-yard, they love "Æsop" and "Mother Goose," "John Gilpin" and "Peter Rabbit," "The Devil and a Gale of Wind" in all childish enthusiasm. With poetry their chief food, their best growth, outside their rosy cheeks, is, as few would believe, and fewer still perhaps approve, in imagination. And naturally, since this precious wealth of poetry is understood of them because their awakened souls first saw it in the heavens, in the earth, and in the sea—in the nightly going down of the sun, in *Ge's* up-

springing life, and in the far-off glint of Minot's Light from their bedroom window.

Nine Years and his Brother Eight Years are deeper in lore than I should dare tell, but they still linger over their old loves, "The Ancient Mariner," "Sir Patrick Spence," "To a Mouse," "The Cloud," and the Eighth Psalm, as boys in city streets linger before candy-shop windows or a moving-picture show.

Meanwhile, Six Years is having a blessed diet of "Water-Babies" and Stevenson's "Garden," and Four Years is begging to be "taached."

But with the report from the football field the question comes to my mind—To what end are my labors? Shall the standards of these years be followed by other standards when I hand my boys over to another kind mother to do what, by a thousand circumstances, I cannot complete?

As devoutly as Mr. Milton, scrivener, or Mr. Ruskin, wine-merchant, I am consecrating my sons to be poets, or, failing of this use, I certainly expect them to have a noble sympathy for those who out-verse them. Giving up years of my life to prepare them after Athenian ideals, shall I bid my sons adieu after the Spartan mother's "With your pigskin, or in it," all because "glory and fame [of prize-fighters] are such fair things that even peers are proud to have those invested therewith by their sides," as George Borrow unctuously put it?

With this shifting of standards, I shall have to take on enough of Stoic philosophy to restrain my emotions, when later, with swelling pride, I declare I am gratified to receive back my hero, dead, in the hallowed cause of affording a Roman holiday.

Is there only one college in this land fit to train boys brought up to health and poetry? One only, Columbia, free from the trammels of conventional football madness. I should like to ask if Columbia has lost anything worth keeping through cutting away this inert mass of flesh that makes up football bulk. Her 1910 enrollment of seven thousand would not suggest it, as against the paltry gain or falling off noted in most college lists this year.

At any rate, it might be well to call

Columbia's extraordinary growth to the consideration of some college faculties, and to accompany the figures with a protest from a Parents' Trust Association against football standards. A good strong sentiment, plainly expressed, would be the end of the murderous game.

Of a nationally honored college president it was once said that he hadn't enough lime in his backbone to white-wash the bald spot on the top of his head. If true of him in meeting the unintelligent demands of his recalcitrant Board of Regents, how much more ignobly true of two or three dozens of other backbones and heads on this football obsession!

A few joined to President Butler, and how closely the presidential sheep would follow!

We all know why these presidents shy so at the talk on the football situation—the nightmare of lessening college matriculants paralyzes their tongues as that living weight of the Harvard football eleven paralyzed the mortal body of the cadet.

Let fathers and mothers declare in favor of the college that emphasizes the humanities and puts a premium upon intellectual development. What are numbers, buildings, equipment, compared with growth in ideals and imagination?

Given a hint by combined parenthood, these timid college heads might see their way to a different opinion on the reasonableness of football and run the race of their life in their endeavor to make the touchdown. My boys' natural college would be their father's. But was not his president reported as using the false analogy that "on the same day Harvard and West Point met, a well-known New York financier was rendered unconscious by being thrown from his horse; yet we do not demand the abolition of riding horseback"?

Within the past twenty years that university has sent many a professional into the athletic world, but whom, meanwhile, has she sent into the professional world of letters? She has taken high rank in the athletic field, but what has she to her credit besides text-book writers, anthologists, and hinterland poets in the literary field?

A young man entered that college keen for literary distinction and early won a

prize in poetry; but with it nothing more—no personal word from a single professor. Later he won distinction in athletics and was invited to join the swell fraternity, was elected to conspicuous college office, was photographed for the Boston newspapers, was singled out by president and faculty, and given anonymous sums "for incidentals and training table." He was the realization of the truth that all comes to him who runs, or pitches, or catches, or bucks the line.

It was the successful athlete in him that got all that the literary aspirant saw largest. Had not the athletic specialist in him won, the poet prize-winner might have taken his lonely way, and perchance have become

the queer product that professors often are.

Exclusively athletic air is not conducive to poetry, which I take to be "a nation's best-guaranteed stock," for which the college is in first duty bound to be at least sponsor.

Augustine Birrell says that the lace manufacturers of Nottingham still name Henry Kirke White "with whatever degree of reverence they may respectively consider to be the due of letters." So, whatever enthusiasm their hinterland poets awaken on College Hill, what alumnus has the detailed, every-day knowledge of them, or the pride in them, that he has in their "all-American first baseman"?

THE JAPANESE IN KOREA

BY ARTHUR JUDSON BROWN

THE Japanese annexation of Korea is simply the formal recognition of an existing fact, for Japan has absolutely ruled the country ever since the close of the Russia-Japan War. There was indeed an ostensible Korean Government, but it merely registered the decisions of the Japanese "Residents." The domination of the country by some foreign power was inevitable, but the Koreans would probably have been more willing to acquiesce if that power had been some other than Japan. The two nations have been hereditary enemies for a thousand years. Japanese invasions have been numerous, and the one in 1276 so terribly devastated the country that Korea has been a wretched and dilapidated nation ever since. Then the sufferings of the people were severe during the China-Japan War of 1894 and the Russia-Japan War of 1905; and, as the Japanese were the victors in both wars, they are naturally held responsible for the ruin which followed. The Japanese, too, are not particularly conciliatory in their dealings with Koreans. They have long regarded them as inferiors. They have not taken the pains that the Russians took to cajole the natives, to keep the Emperor supplied

with money, and to conciliate popular good will. They manage the Koreans with the brusqueness of the Anglo-Saxon rather than the suavity of the Oriental; ignore "face," which every Asiatic sensitively cherishes; and, in general, deal with the Koreans about as Americans deal with the North American Indians and as the British deal with their subject populations. The Anglo-Saxon is therefore hardly the person to criticise the Japanese.

Unfortunately, too, the majority of the Japanese whom the Koreans saw were soldiers and adventurers. The army necessarily occupied the country during the war and for some time after its close. Military rule is strict everywhere. It has to be in the more or less lawless conditions which follow a war; but it is none the less galling to civilians. We know how Filipinos and Americans alike chafed under the rule of the United States army in the Philippines, notwithstanding the fact that our generals were men of the highest efficiency and rectitude of intention. The Japanese soldiers in Korea immediately after the war were those who had fought against Russia. They regarded Korea as the prize of the war, and, in spite of Japanese discipline, they had

something of that spirit of exhilaration and lawlessness which has always characterized soldiers after a victorious campaign. White men who remember the conduct of European and American troops in Peking, after the raising of the siege of the Legations in the summer of 1900, will not be surprised that there was something of the same disposition on the part of Japanese troops in Korea. During the period of military occupation there were undoubtedly many cases of brutality, and the enterprises which were necessary to render Japanese occupation secure were carried out with scant regard for the feelings of the people.

The Japanese civilian immigrants, too, who poured into Korea immediately after the war were not the best type of Japanese. Americans know the breed—their own countrymen who rushed into California in 1849, who did their ruthless pleasure in Alaska, and who furnished the carpetbaggers of the Southern States after the Civil War. Our usually good-natured Mr. Taft, when he became Governor-General, characterized the dissolute, brutal, and lustful Americans whom he found in the Philippines with a sharpness of invective which made them his bitter enemies. He declared that they were the worst obstacle to America's purpose to deal justly with the Filipinos. Is it surprising that the same class of Japanese hurried to Korea, and that they rode roughshod over the helpless natives?

We must remember, in justice to the Japanese, that some of the things which gave offense to the Koreans were inevitable. It is not possible for a conquering army in time of war to sweep through a country and not incur the fear and hatred of the population, and Japan had to do this twice within a decade. Moreover, when the Japanese took control of Korea, they found one of the most rotten and inefficient Governments on earth. It would not be easy to exaggerate the extremity of the situation. Save for a few local improvements which had been developed by foreigners, there were no roads, no railways, no telegraphs, no schools worthy of the name, no justice in the courts, no uniform currency, no anything that a people need. The Japanese had to create the conditions of stable gov-

ernment, and to do this against the opposition of a corrupt ruling class and the inherited inertia of the people as a whole. Of course the Koreans were furiously angry. Even those who realized the necessity for the change were bitter, for no people like to be ruled by aliens.

The common charges of forced labor and the seizure of property without due compensation have two sides. There have no doubt been instances of great hardship to Koreans who were compelled to leave their own fields and toil on public works, often at a distance from their homes; while other Koreans received little or nothing for land which they were forced to surrender. On the other hand, it should be remembered that it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for the Japanese authorities to carry out some of the improvements which are of large value to the whole country, such as roads, railways, sanitation, etc., if they had been obliged to depend upon the voluntary labor of Korean peasants, who are admitted by their warmest admirers to be indolent and shiftless, and who, even when diligent and ambitious, do not like Japanese taskmasters. As for land, every Government has the right to take private property under the right of eminent domain. It ought to pay a fair price for it. The Japanese affirm that they did this, but that the Korean magistrates, through whom the arrangements were made, often pocketed the money. But why did the Japanese trust them when they knew their character?

While the course of the Japanese is generally exemplary in regions where officers of high rank are in immediate charge and where foreigners have opportunity to notice what is being done, the treatment of Koreans by officials of lower grade in places remote from the capital is not always so just. Inferior men, far from the observation of their superiors, are able to indulge their temper with little fear of consequences. Doubtless some of the many stories of injustice are susceptible of explanation; but the reports are too numerous and explicit to be dismissed as altogether baseless. We know what white men do when they are placed in absolute control of a helpless people. The Belgians in the Congo State, the

French in Madagascar, and hundreds of German, British, and American officials in other places have been harsh and overbearing; and it is not surprising that some Japanese officials show the same traits in like circumstances.

The establishment of civil rule under Prince Ito as Resident-General inaugurated a better era than the one which followed the war. I do not agree with those who reviled him as the arch-enemy of Korea and the most dangerous foe of China. Granting that he was an Oriental, that he was Japanese to the core, and that his private morals were criticised even by his own countrymen, the fact remains that he was one of the very wisest and best of the public men not only of Japan but of all Asia, and that he had the largest and most considerate views of the Koreans and of the duty of his country to them of any Japanese in high public position. If Korea was to be ruled by Japan at all, its friends could not have selected a better Japanese as Resident-General than Prince Ito. I found a general opinion, not only among Japanese, but among missionaries and others with whom I talked, that on the whole he was a firm and just administrator who earnestly tried to better conditions. He had the statesmanship to see that, from the view-point of Japan herself, it was expedient to deal justly with a subject people. He placed a higher class of men in public office, enacted wholesome laws, made roads, encouraged education, reorganized the courts, placed the currency on a gold basis, and promoted other salutary reforms. Fifty million yen were spent on railways. The lines were operated at a loss at first, as they were largely used for the transport of troops and military supplies; but they now return a fair profit, the net balance last year being 316,544 yen (about \$156,000). The published report on "Reforms and Progress in Korea" is very interesting reading. After an explanatory introduction, it discusses the main subject under twelve heads: Administration, Judiciary, Defense, Finance, Currency, Banking, Commerce, Communications, Public Undertakings, Agricultural and Industrial Matters, Sanitation, and Education. Eleven appendices, as many more tables of statistics, three maps, and

five full-page illustrations make this report a valuable compendium of Japanese efforts and intentions in Korea. The Japanese, like Americans, naturally put their best foot forward in a report issued for the outside world, but the main facts appear to be indisputable.

I had a long conference with Prince Ito when I was in Tokyo. While it was private, he knew that I was seeking information for public use, and gave me full liberty to quote him. He spoke excellent English, and discussed the whole question of Japanese plans in Korea with every appearance of candor. He freely admitted that mistakes had been made, and he lamented that many of the Japanese who at first went to Korea did some regrettable things; but he earnestly expressed his desire to make his country's rule in Korea a real benefit to a people who, he deeply felt, had never had a fair chance. The fanatic Inchan Angan, who assassinated Prince Ito, at Harbin, October 26, did the worst possible thing for Korea, for he murdered the most powerful friend that his countrymen had among the ruling Japanese. It is significant that the only enemies that Prince Ito had in Japan were of the party which favors a more drastic policy in Korea. This party felt that Korea was the absolute property of Japan, that its prompt "Japanization" was a military necessity, and that its people were so hopelessly and contemptibly inferior and incorrigible that as little attention should be paid to their alleged rights as the United States paid to the rights of the American Indians. Prince Ito, on the contrary, held that the Koreans were capable of development, and that it would be not only humane but to the advantage of Japan to treat them fairly. The revolutionary cabal in Manchuria and California which planned and executed the foul murder of Prince Ito therefore weakened their own case and strengthened the hands of their enemies. What encouragement has any Japanese official to attempt to deal justly by the Koreans if he is in danger of being assassinated for his pains? Fortunately, intelligent Japanese now know that the crime was that of a comparatively small number of reactionaries. The majority of the people of Korea do not love their alien rulers, but

they realize the necessity of submitting, and they are not disposed to shoot those who seek to deal fairly by them.

Prince Ito's successor is continuing the work on the lines indicated by his distinguished predecessor. Seoul, once the filthiest city imaginable, has been made fairly clean. A large and admirably equipped public hospital treats Koreans at lower rates than Japanese. During a call at the Residency-General I expressed my interest in a rumor that other hospitals were in contemplation, and that evening I received a courteous note from Mr. M. Komatsu, stating that he had made inquiries at the bureau in charge and had ascertained that the Government intended to open charity hospitals before the end of the year in Chungju, Chonju, and Hamheung, and that it is the plan of the Government to open a similar hospital in the principal city of each province of Korea.

I was told on every side that conditions are steadily improving. The enlistment terms of the soldiers who fought in the war have expired and most of the men have returned to Japan. The adventurers who flocked in at the close of the war, finding present conditions less favorable to them, are also going back to their native land, and the Japanese who are coming now are of a distinctly higher class. The lot of the people is better in many ways than formerly. Their alien masters are, as a rule, more just with them than the native officials were prior to Japanese occupation. The average Korean is more apt to get justice in the courts without bribing an official than he was when his own magistrate judged his case.

The Japanese officials whom I personally met in Seoul, Taiku, and Pyongyang impressed me as men of high grade, who compare favorably with many white colonial administrators in similar positions in Asia. Judge Watanabe, Chief Justice of Korea, is a Presbyterian elder, a Christian gentleman of as fine a type as one could find anywhere.

My interview with the Japanese Resident at Taiku developed some interesting facts. I found the Resident an intelligent Japanese of about fifty years of age, who had visited the United States and who spoke English fluently. He received me

cordially, and described with enthusiasm a plan of having the Korean magistrates of the forty-one counties under his jurisdiction come to Taiku once a year for special instruction. He said that little could be accomplished by the mere promulgation of laws and ordinances; for, while many of the Korean officials were well-meaning men, they were without the knowledge and experience which would enable them to carry out the reforms which the Japanese had inaugurated. He stated that the second annual conference of this kind was then in session, and that he would be glad to have me visit it. I replied that it would be very gratifying to me to do so, and he thereupon took me to the conference. It was held in a long, low room, well lighted and ventilated. The Korean magistrates were seated at two parallel tables extending the full length of the hall. The name and residence of each magistrate were on a strip of paper, about six inches wide and fifteen inches long, hanging from the edge of the table in front of him. The Japanese Resident, the Korean Governor, a Japanese secretary, an interpreter, and six Japanese clerks occupied seats at the head of the room. The Korean Governor was President of the conference, though it was evident that leadership was with the Japanese secretary. At the first conference, the year before, twenty-nine of the forty-one county magistrates were present, and all but three wore the traditional topknot. This year forty of the forty-one magistrates attended, and not one wore a topknot, all having their hair cut in Japanese style. The magistrates manifested keen interest in the proceedings and discussed with animation the various topics. The Japanese Resident gave me a copy of the printed programme and the rules and the regulations which were being taught. It was an octavo pamphlet of twenty-two pages, and dealt with such subjects as the making and repairing of roads, the erection and care of public buildings, the clerical staff required in offices of various grades, sanitary rules and their enforcement, police regulations, etc. Sample reports and vouchers were given and methods of keeping accounts were explained. The conference was in session eight days, and I could readily see how such instruction would increase the intelligence and efficiency of those who

attended it. Koreans who accept office under the Japanese are not usually popular with their countrymen, but these Koreans will certainly be wiser magistrates than their predecessors.

I hold no brief for the Japanese. I would not defend some of the things that they have done in Korea. I sympathize deeply with the Koreans. They would be unworthy of respect if they did not prefer their national freedom. One can understand why the injustice of their own magistrates seemed less irksome than the justice of alien conquerors. Nevertheless, I confess to sympathy also for the Japanese. They were forced to occupy Korea to prevent a Russian occupation, which would have menaced their own independence as a nation. They found conditions so unspeakably bad that drastic measures of reconstruction were necessary. They are doing, against heavy odds, with limited financial resources, and

against the dislike and opposition of Koreans, Russians, Chinese, and most of the foreigners in the Far East, about what England or the United States would do in similar circumstances. It is unfair to object that the Japanese are not doing as well as England is doing in India and America in the Philippines; for they have had control of Korea only half a decade, and they have not had the advantages which white men have had in dealing with these large and difficult problems. Give them a chance. We shall not help the Koreans by reviling the Japanese, but by co-operating with them. The anti-imperialists are simply aggravating our situation in the Philippines, and the alleged friends of the East Indians who are fomenting discord in India are only intensifying the very conditions which they profess to lament. Japan is in Korea to stay, and we cannot aid the Koreans by cursing their rulers.

CURIOSITIES OF FASHION

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Why, what o' the Devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?—*Taming of the Shrew.*

NEXT to an afternoon in a Cape Cod garret let an old fashion book be recommended. A pile of "Godey's Lady's Books," an easy chair, and an open fire on an equinoctial afternoon make a very fair substitute for the bandbox and cedar chest in the attic chimney-corner. A dip into Racinet's phalanx of scarlet volumes on "The History of Dress" is like being escorted by a learned professor through fairyland. From the spreading petticoats of old Spain and corselet bodices of old France we move through the rich quiltings of the Tudor times to Peruvian and Eskimo fashions. More delightful still is Mrs. Earle's "Two Centuries of Costume in America," with its pictures of "hurly-burly" dressing-gowns and "Queen Anne's nightcaps" on the backs and heads of actual old Pepperells, Izards, and Morrisises.

The palm for dainty and distinguished

dressing in earlier centuries must certainly be accorded the gentlemen. Bridegrooms in particular were dazzling; they were envied, and meant to be envied, by their brides. Richard Cœur de Lion was married in a tunic of rose-color, with a velvet mantle embroidered in silver crescents, while Berengaria's dress was a simple and maidenly muslin. Mrs. Earle tells of a Boston bridegroom who went to his wedding in white satin breeches, with pearl-colored coat and pale-pink waistcoat. He looked so charming that the bride, realizing how completely she was eclipsed, burst into "a hearty fit of crying." Gentlemen of the strictest Puritan sort wore damask, brocade, and lutestring waistcoats; their buttons were precious stones, and their buttonholes were embroidered in the form of ostrich feathers, finished with tassels. Worthies "old enough to know better" had their portraits painted in "banyans," or Oriental dressing-gowns of gorgeous colors, with jaunty turbans on

their heads. Sir Walter Raleigh wore an earring, and so did Horace Walpole. Shakespeare indulged the same taste, and Charles the First on his scaffold removed the pearl pendant from his ear and bequeathed it to a friend. Masculine earrings were afterward relegated to sailors and gypsies. Children in our part of the country run away from a man with an earring, and I confess that such persons have, to me, an indescribable kidnapping look.

It was a man, too, who invented the horrible Plantagenet shoe, with pointed tips as monstrously elongated as the nails of a dervish. Pomp, oddity, and extravagance in masculine dress came in with the Plantagenets, and went out only a few generations ago. As late as the days of Sheraton an especial chair had to be invented to accommodate, without wrinkling, the stiff buckram skirts of the court coats of gentlemen. Their heads, too, were uncomfortably cold without their voluminous wigs. Neuralgia was to be dreaded. The turban, therefore, became the modish negligee, and Cowper sat for his portrait in a conical ruffled nightcap. American ladies long persisted in wearing their own hair; but when a lady of the White House was shaved for a wig a host of others took their courage in both hands and defied their scolding ministers. The fashion was just coming in when Ellwood the Quaker wrote:

"Some women (O the shame!) like Ramping Rigs,
Ride flaunting in their powdered perriwigs."

Our sex may not have been so extravagant or ostentatious as the other, but we were, I fear, even more inclined to outlandish, tyrannical, and absurd fashions. Neither Norman nor Saxon women, to be sure, adopted the pointed shoe, but in the sixteenth century Italian women of rank wore the *chopine*, a wooden outdoor shoe raised to a height of eighteen or twenty inches, in which they were unable to walk unless supported on each side. Philippa of Hainault, the brave and warm-hearted Philippa, who sucked the poison from her husband's wound and begged the lives of the brave burghers of Calais, wore the ugly heraldic petticoat in fashion in her day. Odd and grotesque must have been the spectacle of a court

ball when dragons, unicorns, and quarterings of all sorts were emblazoned on the ladies' robes. Queen Elizabeth wore the farthingale, that uttermost test of the tyranny of fashion, which (to quote one of its contemporaries) "made a woman look as if she were standing in the middle of a Barrel." The good Queen's effigy is carved in this frightful garment. Enormous quantities of cloth were used for it; the skirts were folded, full, and plaited to make their weight as well as their shape resemble "a demi-cannon." Women used whalebone and steel to hold these vast dresses in form; the men's full sleeves, doublets, and trunk-hose were heavily quilted and padded. The suffocating weight of these Tudor fashions was later more than expiated by the freezing lightness of the dress of the French Empire. The most diaphanous muslins, and but few thicknesses of these, were scantily contrived for the shivering Parisian ladies. Madame Junot's trousseau contained endless lengths of fabulously thin India muslins, a whole dress of which could be drawn through a tiny ring. At about this time the feminine pantaloons (precursor of the pantalette) made its first and last brief appearance in Europe. Old prints actually display this monstrous fashion, "built" of pale satins and ruched at intervals, extending a foot below the scanty skirt. This was an opera dress! The inimitable water-colors of Rowlandson and Williams in "Dr. Syntax" and the "Post-Captain" show close, long, scanty Empire dresses, wherewith they maliciously delight to clothe their very buxom stout ladies. The dates of these pictures are about 1816 to 1824. In ball scenes, and sometimes even for street wear, these bouncing dames wear two ostrich feathers rakishly standing up from their hair or caps—surely the pertest head-dress ever seen. Racinet shows it once or twice in his exhaustive volumes; but it must have fascinated Rowlandson, for he seldom misses a chance to draw it. The fair bluestocking wears it as she gazes through the telescope; the ladies at the billiard-table, at the card party, the country damsel leading the long procession at the harvest home, the allegorical figures in the frontispiece to the "Dance of Life" and the tea-dispensing

matron at its close, all wear the twin feathers.

The hoop proper, as distinguished from its ugly ancestor, the farthingale, first came in with the beginning of the eighteenth century. From this date onward it seems to have hung like a sword of Damocles over the heads of our unfortunate sex, ready at a moment's notice to descend upon us. Reappearing at intervals, like a fat ghost, it never vanished for long enough to be forgotten. Was it not confidently prophesied to be coming back as recently as 1900? The earlier hoops were more gently sloping than those of our mothers' young days. Their greatest spread must have been in the sixties, for Leech then drew a delightful picture of a ball supper, in which enormous belles, in skirts about three yards in diameter, stood about the room in "splendid isolation," while anxious thin beaux served them with salads and ices on trays fitted with long handles—looking rather like deacons passing long-handled alms-boxes.

Leech seems to have delighted in the hoop as keenly as Rowlandson in the ostrich feathers, for another of his contributions to "Punch" shows an astonished lady turning a shocked look on a policeman who (directing his remark to a small boy rolling a wooden hoop along the street behind her) is in the act of saying:

"Now, then, off with that hoop, or I'll precious soon help you!"

Hoops could be charming, and were undeniably very feminine; but what shall be said of those horrible towers of plaster, hay, batting, wire, and horsehair which were gummed and screwed to the heads of our great-grandmothers? Monstrosities in hair-dressing were characteristic of the calm and correct eighteenth century. The indignant Dr. Stubbes, whose sermon has delighted so many antiquarians, thus denounces his fair parishioners:

"Then followeth the trimming and tricking out of their heads, in laying out their hair to be curled, fristed, and crisped, . . . (a world to see!) in wreathes and borders, from one eare to the other. And lest it should fall down, it is underpropped with wiers, forks, and I cannot tell what, like grim, sterne monsters rather than chaste Christian matrons."

In 1782 was published "Placocosmos,

or, The Whole Art of Hair-Dressing." Mrs. Earle describes this book as a most serious and even solemn work, treating of the separate fingers, and the deftness to which each should be brought, as of five new cardinal virtues. Under a description of "a new method for stuccowing the hair," we find this surprising note:

"He takes but one hour to build the head, and two for baking it."

Manasseh Cutler says of Mrs. Knox, the wife of the General:

"Her hair is craped upward a foot high, in the form of a churn upside down."

Miss Cobbe, the anti-vivisectionist, in her delightful autobiography, tells of an Irish lady who went to London to have her hair dressed for a Dublin ball. On her return the boat pitched horribly, and she was a very poor sailor; but all her care was for the ticklish edifice on her head, and she persisted in sitting bolt upright throughout the passage, and landed with plumes and rolls all safely in place above her dizzy and aching brow.

But, bad as was the "stuccowed" head of "Placocosmos," the "heartbreaker" curls were worse. They may be seen to perfection in a portrait of Madame de Sévigné, resembling a curled awning over her ears. Worst of all were the one-sided hair-dressings of pre-Victorian days, with "a cluster of plaits on one side, and four flat curls on the other." Or else a lady might wear "a plain band on the left; two corkscrew curls on the right." Another would look charming with "one ringlet behind the right ear; another in front of the left eye." The miniature of Matilda Hoffman, adored first love of Washington Irving, is shown in Mrs. Earle's book. Her hair was "knotted askew" in the back, and in front was "frizzed on one side, and varnished down flat on the other." Can this be the miniature which Charles Dudley Warner called "most lovely"? Bonnets as well as coiffures had a skewing and one-sided look at that period. One had "a full quilling of lace over the right eye, a lilac kerchief over the left." The calash, or "bashful bonnet," was a curious contrivance. Satirists pronounced it "a kindness to the fallow maid." Contrived on the principle

of a Japanese lantern, the front could be let down with a string, to hide the blushes or to protect the complexion. An old sage-green calash long survived in our village, the property of Madame W——. It was willingly lent for masquerades and theatricals ; but at length it was lent once too often, and disappeared from her museum of old costumes.

We cannot, however, laugh with a very good grace at our foremothers' bonnets while we remember the headpieces of last year. There was exposed in the window of the toggery shop in our main street last summer a sizable waste-basket, garnished with parsley, beets, and carrots, which might have tempted any modish lady. How many a pretty and piquant face was seen, twelve months ago, completely caricatured by its millinery ! Our ancestresses, I fear, had a better taste than we in hats, caps, and bonnets. I confess that I regret the charm and becomingness of the cap. A small and shell-pink ear was a thousand times enhanced by its delicate frill ; a falling curl was coquettishly set off by the graceful loop from which it appeared to escape. But caps belong to a race of indoor ladies. They would comport ill with a bag of golf clubs or a racquet. If glorious games and rambles in the sun and wind are incompatible with caps, then *requiescat corona*.

Catherine de' Medici held the record for a small waist. Hers was but thirteen inches in circumference. What wonder that her disposition was somewhat soured ? That was an age of relentless steel cages for women. Delsartean exercises were not then in order. Nor even at a later

one, when the "tempestuous petticoat" and Watteau robe were worn—the negligee and the "Levite"—with their exterior look of ease and comfort, did the corset, that Moloch of women, relax its form. Men were not altogether above its grim attraction. Miss Repplier somewhere tells of a young Oxford don who noted in his journal, after an illness, that he was grown so thin that his stays were quite loose ! A tapering waist has been thought desirable even in the manly form. When gentlemen in old Boston walked primly to church carrying ermine or "miniver" muffs, why should they not affect a lady-like figure as well ? It is a good exercise for the imagination to try to fancy Samuel Adams with a tapering waist and a white muff.

Alas that Christians of either sex should continue to wear ermine and seal (the flayed coat of the dog of the ocean) and the plume of the all but exterminated white heron ! Furs are only beautiful and soft to the skin while one is ignorant of the manner in which they are obtained. Did we but picture the long-festered torment of the steel trap, the smoothest fur would chafe us like a shirt of Nessus. Nor are animals the only sufferers from the decrees of Madame Mode. She dictates some of the darkest conditions under which little children work ; and I am told that young French girls, underfed and overworked, produce with weariness and pain those delicate, severe embroideries so often bought for American trousseaux. The cruelties of fashion are surely the greatest curiosities in all the vast Museum of Dress !

THE NEW BOOKS

When the tariff question is settled satisfactorily, if it ever is, and when the American people have established to their satisfaction a working system of regulating great inter-State corporations, the next problem they are likely to take up for practical solution is the problem of taxation, although, of course, both the principles and the results of taxation are involved in the tariff and corporation problems. The public does not always realize the fact that the imposition and collection of taxes have been made one of the most intricate, confused, and bemuddled phases of American government. It really ought to be simple. The complexity of taxation has fostered special privilege because special interests can avoid paying taxes by dodging into the intricate mazes of the subject, led by skillful legal interpreters of the law. The Outlook has already called attention to "The A B C of Taxation," by C. B. Fillebrown. Mr. Fillebrown is an ardent supporter of the doctrine of the Single Tax laid upon land values, but is able to see and state impartially the fundamental problems of taxation. We heartily recommend to those who wish to understand the defects of present methods of taxation, even if they do not wish to adopt the Single Tax as a remedy, Mr. Fillebrown's volume "The A B C of Taxation" and the little pamphlet which he has prepared to go with it entitled "A Single Tax Catechism." (C. B. Fillebrown, 71 Summer Street, Boston.)

Recent studies of Roman history—Ferro's "Greatness and Decline of Rome" and Heitland's "The Roman Republic"—have emphasized a feature of Roman civilization which is reproduced in our modern world. This it is which furnishes the staple of a highly interesting and instructive work, "The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome," by Professor William Stearns Davis, of the University of Minnesota. This influence is exhibited in its methods of accumulation and expenditure, and in its effects on political, domestic, and social life. Some modern analogies suggest themselves to the reader, and others are pointedly noted. The opening chapter on "Political Corruption and High Finance" creates an expectation of these which is not disappointed. The financial code of the hard-headed, hard-fisted Roman is characterized as "unmitigated commercialism." In all business relations the Roman financier was as steel-clad against pity as Shylock the Jew, to whom Brutus, as an unscrupulous usurer, was a peer in inhumanity. Professor Davis has gone through Roman literature with a close-toothed rake for the materials of his exhibit of the influence of money and commercialism on every side of Roman life. Even private munificence was for the most part not for charity. The chief sufferer was the family, of whose disintegration the chapter on "Marriage,

Divorce, and Childlessness" is a lurid picture. Vain were all attempts to check the excesses of the mammon-spirit by sumptuary legislation. It carried Roman citizens on its current to the end, and "delivered them over to their own rottenness." The lesson, says Professor Davis in his closing sentence, "lies patent to the twentieth century." (The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.)

Mr. Maurice Baring's "Landmarks in Russian Literature" deserves reading by others than students of literature. It also deserves reading by students of contemporary Russian conditions. They will here find an exposition of the peculiar influence exercised by the native literature on politics in Russia. We are apt to condemn certain Russians in high station because they do not do this or that according to our Anglo-Saxon notions. But, in order to comprehend their motives, we have to take into account two things. First, the Slav nature differs not only from the Anglo-Saxon but also from the Latin. The Slav nature is full of contradictions. Simple and stubborn the individual Russian may be, and he is often an altruist, but "when two or three are gathered together" the Lord is not always in the midst of those Russians. Second, Russia has a literature which envelops Russians like an atmosphere. As the native reads his Gogol and Tourguénieff, his Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, and Tchekov, he feels himself only confirmed and heartened in the possession of his own racial characteristics. These writers disclose Russian life to us also. Their writings often disclose themselves. But we need Mr. Baring's "Landmarks" to have the desired greater disclosure. This critic has approached his subject with a praiseworthy detachment of mind, though his conclusions, especially as regards Tourguénieff, may not be fully subscribed to by every one. As a whole, however, the book affords us a welcome acquaintance with Russian writers, an insight into their spiritual selves, and a more comprehensive view of their significance, influence, and value, both to the Russians of our day and to the world at large. (The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.75.)

Two years ago Randal Cremer died, at the age of eighty. Few men have done more for the cause of international comity than he did. Every one rejoiced when Edward VII made Cremer a knight. The honor was well deserved. In season and out of season Cremer had labored towards a great ideal. He had started from a first-hand knowledge of labor conditions. He had early realized that "warfare between those who are dependent upon each other is madness." After he had obtained a better feeling between employers and employed he resolved to introduce that principle into international affairs.

From the time of the Franco-German War he visited Paris and other European cities, frequently forming workmen into associations. He drew up a memorial in favor of arbitration, and within two years after his entry into Parliament had secured the signatures of over two hundred and thirty members of Parliament, with which he appeared at Washington in 1887, and there had an interview with President Cleveland (arranged by Mr. Carnegie)—an interview really historic in its consequences. As Cremer told Cleveland, "the present efforts in behalf of arbitration might be limited to the two English-speaking nations, but he hoped to see other nations of the world ere long enter into similar arrangements." This hope has now been realized. Cremer repeatedly visited the United States and other countries in the interests of arbitration. But this was not his only work. To induce co-operation in arbitration he founded the Interparliamentary Union, an institution whose scope embraced many subjects. The result has been a general international understanding and conciliation. When Cremer began this work, the members of the National Parliaments had never assembled together. The Englishman cleverly took advantage of the attraction of Paris in 1889, the year of the Exposition, to draw men to a common center. He thus brought together about a hundred members of the Parliaments of England, France, Belgium, Norway, Italy, Hungary, and the United States. Jules Simon presided, and our representative was Justin Whiting. He was temporarily presiding over the memorable gathering when it unanimously adopted the motion that further interparliamentary unions should take place each year—a vital act, for it gave birth to what has become in some sense a regularly recurring world parliament. At these yearly meetings of the Interparliamentary Union Cremer was, of course, the principal personage. All recognized in him an ideal kind of knightly commercial traveler in the interests of conciliation and arbitration, and his works do follow him. They have been well, if somewhat diffusely, described by Mr. Howard Evans in the biography entitled "Sir Randal Cremer." (Ginn & Co., Boston. \$1.40.)

Perhaps no American of recent times more appealed to the imagination than did John Hay. As one thinks of him the image comes, first of all, not of a great statesman or even of a distinguished literary man, but of a great gentleman. That impression is likely to be deepened in the mind of every reader of the exquisitely published book entitled "A Poet in Exile," edited by Caroline Ticknor. The volume comprises some early letters and poems written by Mr. Hay at his home in Warsaw, Illinois, in the period between leaving college and his association with Lincoln. These letters and poems are replete with a youth's idealism. But they are also full of the promise of the man's

maturity. In their every line there breathes their writer's individuality. In the letters we find his instinctive courtesy, respect, confidence, and frankness. These are unstudied letters—those which might be written from a young man to an older woman friend, as was Nora Perry, the poet and the friend of Whittier, of Wendell Phillips, and of George William Curtis, as well as of young Hay. In the unfolding of character these are precious letters. One turns page after page of the beautiful book, and a kind of reverence steals over one, and the reading comes more slowly. As to the poems, the fastidious Hay might in his later years have impatiently consigned them to the waste-basket. But in our tracing of the development of his genius these verses are also significant. Both letters and poems disclosed the union of those qualities that already marked John Hay above other men—a rare sensitiveness, an exquisite thoughtfulness, an apparently unerring taste in men and things, a distinctive command of language, an instant sense of humor, an entire candor, and an insatiable longing for the spiritual. Hence it is well that such a volume as this should be published. It helps towards the better understanding of a thoroughly admirable man and as high a type of American as has yet appeared. While the volume's value lies largely in its biographical import, it is also a contribution to the cause of sound literature. For, even as a youth, John Hay had a quality in common with that other rare character, Robert Louis Stevenson, in that whatever he wrote was worth reading. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$5.)

The Taylor Lectures for 1909-10, given before the Yale Divinity School by Professor Eugene W. Lyman, of the Bangor Theological Seminary, form an engaging volume entitled "Theology and Human Problems." Distinguishing theological methods as the "cloistral" and the "clinical," he adopts the latter, as based on study of the religious life and its needs. Of the three "highways of thought" which the student may choose from—the absolute idealist, the Kantian-Ritschlian, and the pragmatist—he takes the last, as best facilitating the work of theology in the service of religion, though now an unfinished road "in a somewhat corduroy state." A critical comparison of the merits of these three, especially of the first and the last, runs through the volume. These three make each its answer to the supreme question, What are the true ends of life, the master forces, the abiding realities? Here again the pragmatic method has the advantage; it conducts to "the Experience of the Eternal" in the development of moral personality. "The religion of Christ was, through and through, the religion of ethical personality," as well as the religion of ethical monotheism. This supports and is also supported by our discovery that the universe is not static, but tending to evolve life in larger and fuller forms. Pragmatism supports the

conclusion that "a Divine Life pervades the world and takes up all things into itself." But this confronts us with the deep problem of the moral evil of the world, to which a concluding chapter on "Moral Depths and Heights" is devoted. Here Dr. Lyman opposes, but comes somewhat short of refuting, Professor Royce's solution of the problem from the idealist view-point. He treats it more successfully on its practical side in a striking revision of the traditional conceptions of atonement, and of Jesus' divine sonship as inseparable from it, both for him and for us. The great stride here taken to new ground will deeply impress any one who has read Dr. Taylor's celebrated lectures, given at Yale a half-century ago, on "The Moral Government of God." The Taylor Lectures of this year, felicitous in literary expression; succinct in compass, and meaty in thought, are richly rewarding to the attention they invite. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.)

It was a thing never heard of in New York until last year, when several hundred people assembled every Sunday morning at ten o'clock during six or seven months, to spend the hour preceding the regular morning service in hearing lectures on the great religions, ancient and modern. These lectures, mostly by specialists, were given in the Mount Morris Baptist Church, and are now published in a volume, "The Unity of Religions," edited by J. Herman Randall, D.D., and J. Gardner Smith, M.D. The broad view of the field of comparative religion which they presented to a popular audience is supplemented by several lectures discussing related and current interests—the religious aspects of Socialism, science and theology, religion in education, and the religion of the future. The immediate and sustained response given to these lectures has impressively revealed the ready hearing that awaits the presentation of religion on broad and sympathetic lines. It should be added that the effect of the ten o'clock lecture upon the attendance at the regular eleven o'clock service was to increase rather than to diminish it. The success of this experiment is now followed out by a similar series on the social problems of religion, which attracts still larger attendance, and is to run on till June. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$2.)

In "The World a Spiritual System" Dr. James H. Snowden, formerly of Washington and Jefferson College, renders valuable service to many studious readers whose desideratum is a lucid, elementary outline of metaphysics in its effort to solve the vexed problem of ultimate reality. His standpoint is that of idealistic monism, whose doctrine of the universe as existing, not as substance extended in outward space, but really and only in the divine thought imparting itself to our minds by a purely phenomenal representation, is incredible to the plain man. The hardest to him of all sayings is that

space and time, though necessary forms of human thought, exist solely as such. This is explained and defended by Dr. Snowden with a clearness and simplicity not to be excelled. His entire treatise is characterized by these admirable qualities. Dr. Snowden confesses that the Berkeleyan theory of the universe, which he adopts with Kant and other great metaphysicians, "is attended with great embarrassments." It claims, however, to be the only theory that can resist destructive criticism. To its applications in the field of religion large notice is given. Not all of this is as felicitous as most of the volume. The theological doctrines of a "society" of three persons in the Godhead and two natures in Christ do not cohere well with the idealistic monism which finds "God in all souls and all souls in God." That the universe, seemingly material, is really spiritual, so that, as Principal Fairbairn said long ago, "nature is a spirit," is the conclusion toward which scientific research seems tending, in corroboration of philosophy. (The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.)

The well-printed and lavishly illustrated "Lake George and Lake Champlain," by W. Max Reid, is no mere book of description, though there is description in it. It is emphatically a book describing the history rather than the scenery of a beautiful region. The history is indeed well worth describing, for perhaps no spot in America has witnessed more battles, small and great. In particular, we connect the region with the war trail of the Mohawks, the contest between France and England for the control of North America, and finally with the contest between the colonies and the mother country. Interesting as is the text, it discloses some evidences of carelessness in preparation. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.50, net.)

A posthumous publication often has a peculiar impressiveness. As the many former theological students at the University of Berlin may read "The Development of Christianity," by the late Otto Pfeiderer, of the University of Berlin, there will arise before the mind's eye the Jove-like figure of the dignified, serene, judiciously minded professor. And the student's ear may seem to hear again the well-remembered voice, continually accentuating the *Einheit* in the lectures—the oneness between God and man. The present volume comprises a history of the evolution of Christianity to our day. Modern Christianity is, we believe, the legitimate outcome and logical development of early Christianity. We like to prove this by putting various connecting links side by side, and that is just what Pfeiderer did. There are many such links—Paul and John, the Apologists and the Anti-Gnostics, Clement, Origen, and Augustine, the early Roman Church, the scholasticists and mystics, the Gothic Age and the Renaissance, the German and Swiss Reformations, the counter-Reformation, the Protestant sects, the higher

critics, the social reformation, etc. These links form an evolution. But until recently religious teachers, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, had little to say about it. Indeed, not until the writings of Baur at the University of Tübingen took an advanced position was Church history seriously treated in the light of evolution. According to Baur, Christianity began its evolution by breaking from the Jewish people and embracing all mankind. The Apostle Paul accomplished this task. But this development was preceded by contradictions, and these contradictions were to be resolved into a higher unity by another evolution, the Johannine interpretation. Similarly, in all subsequent history, each new solution became the germ of new problems. Hence by means of development through contradictions Christianity has really achieved what was in its original idea. To show this is the purpose of Dr. Pfeleiderer's book. Even those who differ from some of his conclusions will at least admire his mode of thinking—such an understanding of the roots of present living and striving, and such an attempt to conserve their nourishing forces, as will neither hamper our own activity in the present nor our restless striving after the ideals of the future. (W. B. Huebsch, New York. \$1.50.)

In reading the Bible to children parents and teachers are sometimes embarrassed by Old Testament matter which they deem unnecessary or unsuited to a child's comprehension of Hebrew history. They will welcome, therefore, the presentation of that history in a more convenient form with unnecessary or undesirable matter eliminated. In his "Old Testament Narratives" Professor George Henry Nettleton, of Yale, presents stories in that form. His selection includes passages both distinctly interesting in themselves and important in the development of the Hebrew record. Justly believing that one should first study the Bible itself rather than about it, Professor Nettleton has adhered strictly to the simple Bible text with no "popular" summaries of stories, and indeed with no other notes than may be found in the brackets explaining the meaning of obsolete English words or of significant Hebrew names. We note that verse divisions are omitted; certainly the division into verses, no matter how easy for reference, has often been an obstacle rather than a help to readers. Professor Nettleton's aim has been to afford a considerable body of Old Testament narrative not only in a form convenient to the general reader, old or young, but also to the serious student of literature. As he aptly says, any literary study of the Bible should begin with the stories of the Old Testament, for they give an effective introduction to the Bible's vocabulary and phraseology, an explanation of many Biblical allusions in secular literature, and finally a sound basis for the study of literary art in its most popular form. In his interesting introduction Professor Nettleton traces the

Bible's origin and development, showing the transmission and revision from age to age of ever-increasing literary material—history, law, poetry, religious ritual—until the original elements were molded into a composite mass. He thus summarizes the views concerning the Septuagint and the Vulgate and the English versions. The small, compact, attractive volume is of distinct value. (Henry Holt & Co., New York. 60 cents.)

Ever since our Government began its altruistic educational work in the Philippines the attention of Americans has been more and more drawn to the educational work which the English Government has been doing in India. The criticism which most of us would pass upon that work is that there has been too much of it at the top and too little at the bottom; in other words, that primary schools have been neglected in India and universities disproportionately strengthened. One result of such disproportion is seen in the fact that many of the leaders of the recent troubles in India have been university men. By liberating the Indian mind from the thralldom of Old World ideas, and then by giving it the opportunity to absorb much doctrinaire philosophy, England has really conducted a kind of hotbed of insurrection against herself. Now, this is all very easy to say at this distance. But the Englishman has his reply ready. In the first place, we do not realize—and we can hardly realize without a personal visit—the lack of homogeneity in the Indian population. In the second place, we do not realize the influence of the traditional education which the higher classes had before the English advent and which they expect to be continued. The whole question, therefore, resolves itself down into this, How shall England make a citizen loyal to the Empire out of the Indian? Mr. Leonard Alston in his "Education and Citizenship in India" has much to say on this subject, and his book contains a great deal of illumination even if one can hardly agree with him in certain of his conclusions. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.25.)

Under the title "Abraham Lincoln: The Tribute of a Century, 1809-1909," Mr. Nathan William MacChesney has edited a volume containing the principal speeches made in connection with the Lincoln centenary last year. Celebrations occurred at many places; and among the orations printed in this volume are those by ex-President Roosevelt, Secretary Dickinson, ex-Secretary Long, Ambassadors Jusserand, Nabuco, and Takahira, Senators Cullom and Lodge, Bishop McDowell, Rabbi Hirsch, Presidents Wilson and Van Hise, Governor Willson, Judge Calhoun, Joseph H. Choate, William J. Bryan, and Booker T. Washington. While the book thus perhaps inevitably contains some repetition, it is a desirable addition to Lincolniana. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$2.75.)

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

THE RIGHTS OF THE CONSUMER

In your editorial note in *The Outlook* of October 1 to "A Plea for Plutocracy" you seem to desire to end the matter by saying, "The wages question is, in the last analysis, the question how the profits of that enterprise should be shared between the three parties who are necessary to its success—the tool-owners or capitalists, the directors or managers, and the workers." Is there not a fourth party at interest—the consumer or user of the product? Or shall the capitalist, the manager, and the worker be privileged to consult and determine among themselves what each wants, and then demand of the consumer, "You shall foot the bills necessary to satisfy our demands"? They that demand the dancing should pay for the fiddling without complaint.
McIntosh, Florida. S. H. GAITSKILL.

[Where free competition exists, it is believed by most economists that it will regulate prices so that the consumer will not pay more than the cost of the article and a fair profit thereon. Where free competition does not exist, the intervention of Government is called for. It must either regulate the monopoly or destroy the monopoly.—THE EDITORS.]

SELFISH WEALTH

Every thinking man must sympathize with Dr. Abbott's crusade against literalism in Biblical interpretation, but in his exegesis of the text, "Lay not up for yourself treasures upon the earth," etc., does it not seem that Dr. Abbott himself has unwarily fallen into the very slough which he would avoid? If the phrase "where moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal," is to be emphasized at all, as Dr. Abbott did emphasize it in his original article, the reasoning of your English correspondent in your issue of September 3 certainly seems the more logical. If any words in the text are to be stressed, are they not "*for yourself*"? It is true that the capitalist who constructs "a railway which will open up an unoccupied country, that the homeless may find therein homes and the poor an opportunity to earn a livelihood," is unquestionably a public benefactor. But the average capitalist builds his railway for private gain, and the fact that the homeless find homes or the poor opportunity is only another illustration of the axiom that "God brings good out of evil."

As Dr. Abbott insists, Jesus deals with motives rather than specific acts, and, from the parable of the selfish farmer which precedes the disputed text in Luke's Gospel, it is evident that these words are directed, not at the accumulation of wealth, but at the *selfish* accumulation of wealth.

Rutledge, Pennsylvania. EDGAR C. BYE.

[Dr. Abbott simply attempted to show that if the words of Jesus were taken literally,

they only condemn accumulation of wealth where "moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal." His object was to show that if the literalist's position was assumed to be true, Jesus did not condemn all wealth; if it is not assumed to be true, he certainly did not condemn all wealth. We agree with our correspondent that what he condemned was the selfish accumulation of wealth. As to the motive which inspires the *average* capitalist we cannot speak, as we do not know any average capitalist. Capitalists, like other men, are inspired by a variety of motives—a few by motives wholly selfish, a few by motives wholly benevolent, and most of them, like the rest of us, by motives that are mixed.—THE EDITORS.]

NOT THE JEWS ALONE

I have read your article on Sunday-school teaching with great interest. Especially do I appreciate your appreciation of the Hebrew spirit as it found expression in Hebrew legislation, etc. I am sure, if the Old Testament were studied as you suggest it should be studied, the lack of appreciation of the Jewish people so prevalent among the Protestant ministers would be changed, and the unkind feeling towards the Jew would probably cease, at least among the Protestant Christians.

The same is true when we consider the study of the New Testament. Is it right to teach the children that the Jews killed Christ? Is the Jewish nation responsible for Jesus' death? Is the Greek nation responsible for the murder of Socrates? Are the American people responsible for the assassination of Lincoln? Is the Russian nation responsible for the murder of Russia's patriots who have struggled for liberty? Are the Roman Catholics responsible for the murder of Huss? If the Jewish nation is responsible for the conduct of a few priests, then the Gentile nations are responsible for the conduct of Pilate. I say, and say it most emphatically, the failure to study the Bible as you suggest is largely responsible for the false notions and wretched prejudices which so many intelligent Christians bear towards the Jew. I should like to see an article on this subject.

South St. Paul, Minnesota.

A. I. D.

[We give this protest from a Protestant clergyman our heartiest indorsement. Jews, pagans, and Christians united in the crucifixion of Jesus Christ: the Jews represented by Caiaphas, the pagans by Pilate, and the Christians by Judas Iscariot, who was one of the disciples of Christ, and a member of the Christian Church so far as a Christian Church can be said to have existed at that time. The crucifixion of Jesus Christ is simply a testimony against humanity, an evidence of the spirit in which a reformer is likely to be met if his reformations threaten

existing interests and institutions, whether ecclesiastical or political.—THE EDITORS.]

CRITICISM OF THE COURTS

In view of the virulence of the attacks which have been made upon Colonel Roosevelt by the Democratic platform and press and nominees for office, on account of his recent criticism of the Supreme Court of the United States, it seems to me that there should be greater readiness, on the part of those who seek only to be fair, to recognize publicly the justice of the temperate and convincing reply made by him in *The Outlook* for September 24.

That the subject is a delicate one, to be treated with reasonable reserve and caution, all must admit, and yet there would seem to be no good reason why the American people should be debarred from examining and, if necessary, criticising at any time any feature of the Government which they themselves have established; and certainly there is no feature more essential than that involved in the consideration of the relations of the judiciary toward the vital and pressing problems of the day. Nor should it be forgotten in this connection that, under our system of government, differing from others wherein Parliament and the Executive, separately or in combination, are supreme, our Supreme Court becomes of necessity the final arbiter of our destinies in ultimately defining our rights and duties toward each other in those multifarious social, economical, and political relations wherein legal lore, uninformed by far-seeing statesmanship, is more likely to confuse than to clarify the principles underlying the concrete problem presented for solution. Hence the crucial importance of selecting for this controlling position men of broad and enlightened views whose knowledge of the law is supplemented by the saving grace of an all-embracing common sense, accentuated, if possible, by at least such an experience in public affairs as will make plain many things otherwise seen only as through a glass, darkly.

Take, for instance, the now celebrated so-called *Bake-Shop* case. It will be remembered that first and last there were twenty-two judges who sat in judgment upon this case, twelve of whom decided in favor of the constitutionality of the New York statute compelling hygienic conditions and limiting the hours of labor in an oppressive and unwholesome occupation, while ten, becoming involved in that class of legal subtleties which were the delight of the schoolmen of old in the domain of theology, decided against the constitutionality of the law.

Now to ask that the American people shall be suddenly awed into silence in the expression of their opinion upon the principles underlying great sociological questions like the one above outlined and under the conditions above described, especially in the case of a five-to-four decision, would seem to be requiring altogether too much of a

people "by the grace of God free and independent," as our own Constitution puts it.

So strongly does this view of the case appeal to me that I cannot believe that in its essential features Colonel Roosevelt's criticism has been really condemned by the great body of his fellow-citizens, though most of them would undoubtedly have chosen a milder, and therefore, under the circumstances, more effective, adjective in describing certain judicial attitudes toward the problems of the day. For, to paraphrase the old saying of the writers of the songs of the people in a ruder age, may not our judiciary well exclaim that they care not who makes the laws if only they can interpret them? And therefore can it not be truly said that our august tribunal of last resort, known as the Supreme Court of the United States, has, of necessity and even against its will, in view of the powers granted to it under the Constitution, become, in practice though not in theory, in the last analysis of its essential features, the greatest legislative as well as judicial body known to history, controlled only by the conscience and wisdom of its members, from which there is no appeal? And if this be true, I submit that in the vast and ever-growing class of essentially non-legal questions which, under our governmental system, must be submitted for final determination to that great tribunal, the healthy influence of an enlightened public opinion must be felt therein if it is to maintain that public confidence and respect to which, with the one appalling lapse of its *Dred Scott* decision, its long and transcendent career has entitled it to receive at the hands of its creators.

SAMUEL L. PARRISH.

Southampton, Long Island.

THE COAL DISTRICT IN OLD DAYS

In your issue of October 1 I noticed the article entitled "A City Set on a Furnace," and read it with interest, as I at once realized that it referred to a district but sixteen miles from us, across the Moosic Mountains. But there are two statements in the article with which I must take issue, and, as they are both inaccuracies, or misstatements as to facts in which we, as a village, take great pride, I should be glad if you would give space to this correction.

Through Honesdale, in behalf of which I write, there passed in early days all of the coal shipped by the Delaware and Hudson. Being the western terminus of the canal of that name (which, abandoned only a decade ago, was originally its sole means of conveying its coal to tide-water), Honesdale, with no deposits of coal, and having mines no nearer than Carbondale, was once the storage-place of more coal than was ever gathered together in any other place in the world, the two piles often containing more than half a million tons. This was because, in winter, when the canal could not be operated, all the coal brought over the mountain

in the little "gravity" cars was stored until the following spring. This continued until 1869, when, a branch of the Erie being extended to Honesdale, coal could be shipped winter as well as summer. But this is incidental, merely to give you the cause of our existence as a village.

Our borough received its name from that of Philip Hone, Mayor of New York, and first president of the Delaware and Hudson. Associated with that name in our village annals is that of Washington Irving, who climbed the cliff which has since borne his name—a ledge which rises over three hundred feet above the point where the Dyberry and Lackawaxen mingle their waters. At the foot of the cliff there is a narrow road which Irving named "Ladywood Lane." He had come to Honesdale with Philip Hone and other directors of the company by way of the canal, and the quotation given in The Outlook comprises but the first and last phrases of a letter written from Honesdale on that occasion. If the first sentence had been entirely quoted, it would have read:

"I write from among the mountains in the upper part of Pennsylvania, from a pretty village which has recently sprung into existence as the deposit of a great coal region, and which is called after our friend Philip Hone, who was extremely efficient in directing enterprise into this quarter."

This makes it plain that Irving was referring to Honesdale and the scenery along the canal, and not to Carbondale, as the article implies.

Further on the same article says:

"Carbondale is . . . the first place in the world where a locomotive steam-engine was put in operation!"

As a matter of fact and history, locomotives had been used in England before the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company imported one for use on its road. This was called the Stourbridge Lion, from the city of its manufacture, and it made its trial trip at Honesdale, August 8, 1829, in the presence of a crowd of interested and excited spectators, steaming forward and back over the track at the northwest part of the town. It was certainly never run in Carbondale, as, for some reason, it was not found practicable, and its maiden trip was the only one it ever made. Still, it was the first to "turn a wheel" in this country.

The Lion was stored in a barn at the west of the town, and my next-door neighbor tells me that he and his boy friends used to play around it. Afterward it practically reached the scrap-heap. Eventually, when inquiries were made about this first locomotive, the boiler and other parts which still remained were put together, the missing parts supplied, and the Stourbridge Lion was taken to Washington, where you may see it in the Smithsonian Institution.

I inclose pamphlets to corroborate my statements, and also refer you to the History of Wayne County, Pennsylvania, to "Cassier's Magazine" for June, 1895, and to the

"American Encyclopædia"—asking that the two facts of National interest upon which Honesdale may justly pride herself may not be transferred to the history of a sister city.

DORA MARCHANT CONGER.

Honesdale, Pennsylvania.

SHALL THE PEOPLE BE FORCED TO BUY THEIR OWN PROPERTY?

Can you not in some way emphasize to your readers the fact that the Government, in giving away its coal lands or its timber, does not reduce the price to the consumers of the coal mined or the timber cut? The lucky person who receives free, or for a nominal cost, from the people of the United States a portion of the Government's natural resources promptly and invariably proceeds to make his benefactors pay in gold the full market value of what has been given him free.

Not only this, but his benefactors are charged compound interest on the true value of the gift from the day the gift was received, and also all expenses incident to the trouble the "lucky person" has been put to to make his "benefactors" believe that he is the one to receive the gift.

The leasing of coal lands, the selling of timber as is done by the Forest Reserve, etc., allows the people to control and sell, not buy, their own resources.

VALENTINE H. MAY.

Seattle, Washington.

RATIONAL TAXATION

In the number of The Outlook for October 29 Mr. E. P. McKinney in his letter on Rational Taxation suggests that a system of taxation which levies a tax on "real estate which includes mines, water powers, and franchises" would be rational. In other words, such a tax is a draft on the social surplus which arises as a result of nature's bounty over and above the cost of labor exerted by man in productive processes.

To such a stand I wish to express an opposing opinion, for two reasons:

1. Classifying taxable property as "real estate which includes mines, water power, and franchises" is in itself ambiguous and unsatisfactory.

2. To say that the taxation of a "franchise" could be justly administered in the form of a direct tax on the valuation of that franchise is objectionable. How find the real exchange value to-day of a franchise granted a street railway company ten years ago? Or, supposing that we can find it, what assurance is there that the tax will be a direct one? A franchise is essentially of the nature of a monopoly, and taxation of monopolies is direct only when there can be made substitution in service just as good as that given by the company enjoying the franchise and of which the public can avail itself. If the loss in dividends of a street railway company occasioned by a tax on its franchise cannot be made up in increased

fares, it can be made up by decreasing the wages of employees and reducing efficiency.

As long as the proper basis of taxation for State and National revenue is not selected, just so long will lopsided classifications tumble over when viewed from a different standpoint than that of their originator. Just as long as society refuses to see whence the social surplus arises, just so long will it be harassed by inimical systems of taxation in which legislative attempts fail of their intention. Just so long will Mr. Kinney's goose continue squawking.

The writer sees no immediate solution for existing conditions, and would not presume to present one that could soon overcome crystallized conditions. Custom, prejudice, and prerogative must be considered by every reformer. But a protest should be made against any new system of taxation having as a basis "real estate which includes mines, water powers, and franchises."

EARL A. SALIERS.

University of Pennsylvania,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

THE JACOB RIIS NEIGHBORHOOD SETTLEMENT

I am writing from a distant land to ask our friends not to forget our house in the holiday season that is coming fast. Thanksgiving and Christmas! What homelike sounds to ears that have been fretted all summer by the strange speech of foreign tongues! Italian song is sweet on Venetian nights with the full moon upon the water, but sweeter music to me will be the roar of the great city of my home in a very little while now. I shall keep our holidays, please God, with my own people. Nor shall the doctor send me away again soon to heal a crippled heart. I shall find healing for it at home or go without.

The reports from Henry Street that all was well did more than the doctor's prescription, I guess. Our people came through the hot summer, if not unscathed, yet whole. For our boys the fine fellows of Hotchkiss School made such a vacation at Lakeville, Connecticut, as they will not soon forget, and in the doing dawned the realization of our hope that we may help bring on the day of mutual understanding, of a real fellowship of the boys of the coming day, rich and poor alike. Until we have found one another we shall never find the cure for our troubles, social and political. When we have, we shall cure them quickly. The tears that were shed at parting meant more than regret for the vanished holiday. They were for the *friends*

my boys would not see again for a twelve-month. The one word tells it all.

Our brave working-girls were not forgotten, nor the children and their mothers to whom Twin Island is the embodiment of all earthly bliss. Our roof garden brought happiness to hundreds. Now the winter is at the door, with its activities and its needs. We shall be glad to have our friends who wish to help send their checks to Lilian C. House, Treasurer, 48 Henry Street, New York, and glad if they will look in upon us in the holidays. If they cannot come, at least they will let us wish them all happiness at Thanksgiving and a very merry Christmas indeed, and this we do with our whole hearts.

Triest, Austria-Hungary. JACOB A. RIIS.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY

In your editorial article in The Outlook of October 29 on the subject of "The New Nationalism" you define the same, as you interpret it, with admirable clearness and precision. But why do Northern writers, arguing in rebuttal to the varying historical views of "State sovereignty," quote only the opinions held by Southerners? In your article you refer to Calhoun and to Davis. Were not the Adamses, of Massachusetts, and scores of New England leaders equally outspoken in their opposition to the increase of Federal power and jurisdiction? I could quote from these *ad infinitum* during such crises in the history of the Nation as those of 1803, 1809, 1812, 1845, and at other times up to the decade of the Civil War. Josiah Quincy declared on the floor of Congress that, if the bill granting Statehood to Louisiana should pass, it would "free the States from their moral obligation; and as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation." Such views of State prerogative were held and expressed by New England leaders, including ex-Presidents. Would it not be giving a more National historical résumé to quote from some of these? Many now lauded for their Nationalism in 1861 were prominent for their nullification proclivities in the decade immediately preceding. They not only urged but secured legislative nullification of the Fugitive Slave Law years after the Carolina compromise of 1832.

I am not opposed to the New Nationalism as presented by you, but I should prefer a National rather than a sectional review of the forces that have been arrayed against what is set forth by you as its logical development. MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

Baltimore, Maryland.

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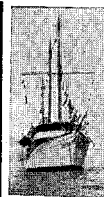
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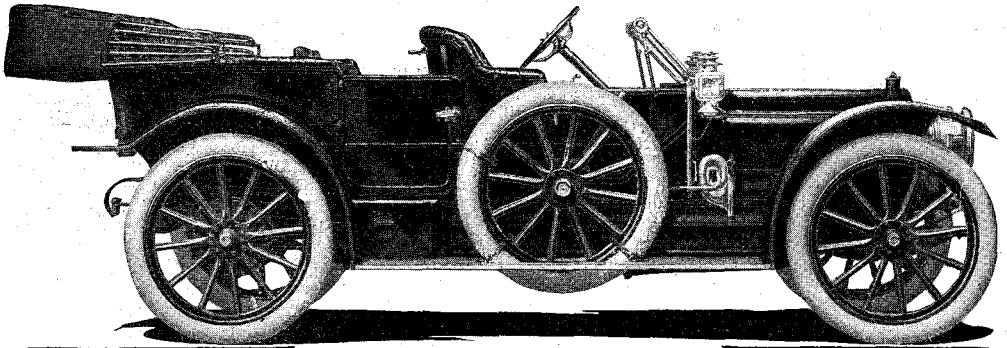
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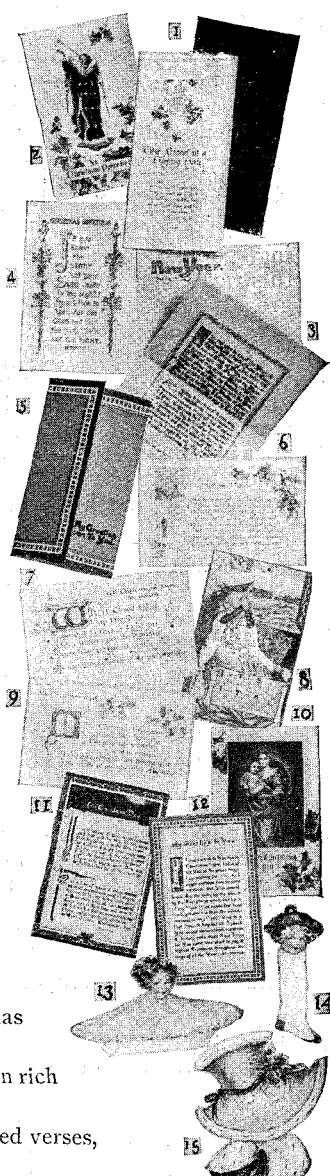
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